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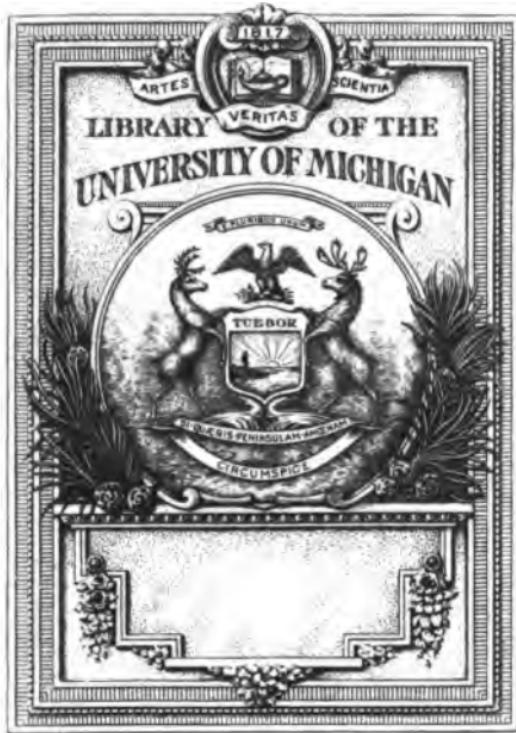
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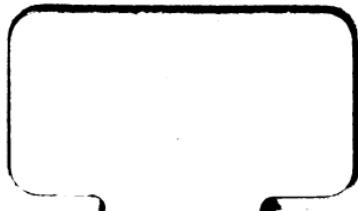
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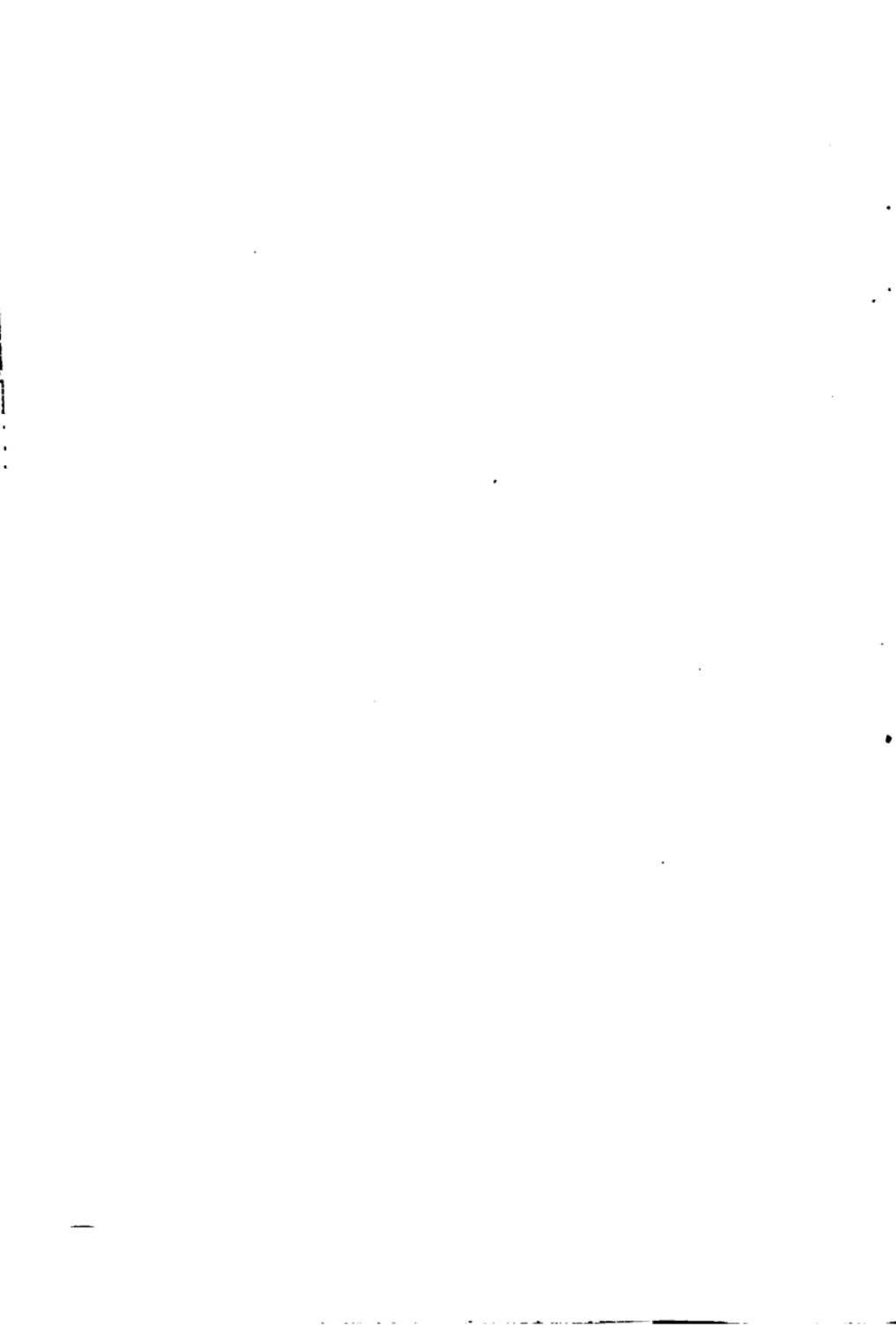
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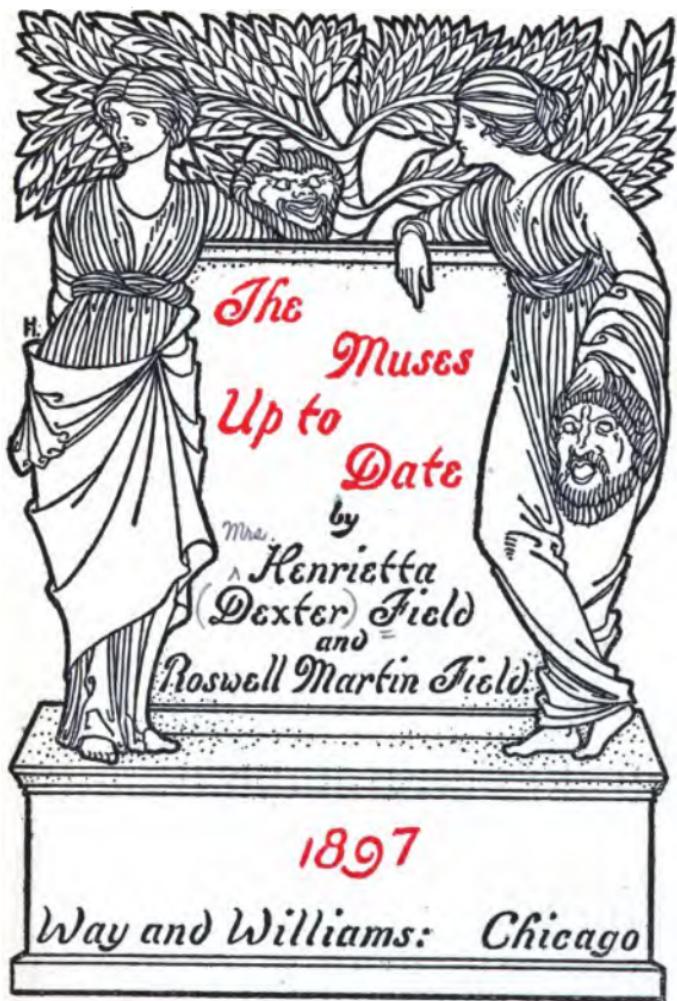


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THE MUSES UP-TO-DATE.



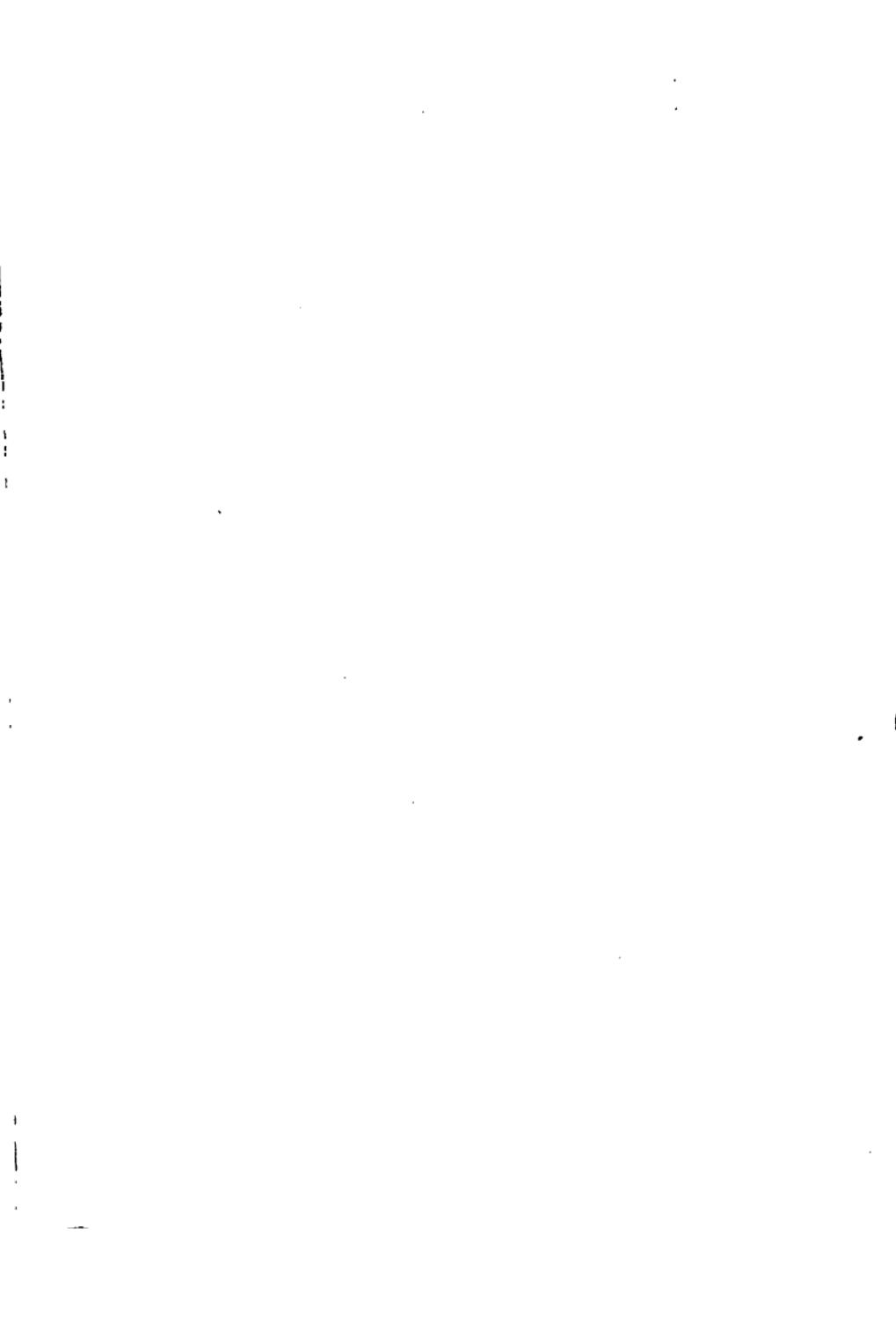


U.M.

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100

**TO THE MEMORY OF
EUGENE FIELD**



1. Marian
1.10.1912
27.11.2

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

The attempt to write a series of plays for children presents at once the somewhat embarrassing question, who are children and what would they consider peculiarly appropriate in the line of plays? As to the first clause, the reader must decide for himself, but concerning the methods of play-construction for children the authors have entertained some positive opinions, based on observation of children's performances and on some experience with private theatrical entertainments. It has seemed to them that the most successful plays, so-called, are those which afford plenty of action with just enough dialogue to serve the purpose of introducing the specialties of singing and dancing, and of preserving a continuity of plot or story. In fact, experience has demonstrated that the most pleasurable entertainments given by children have been those in which the playwright has sacrificed his own ambitions to the individual talents of the performers and to their natural liking for songs, and dances, and tableaux, and artistic groupings. Plenty to do and little to say may be considered, all in all, the principle on which children's plays should be founded and on this principle the collaborators in this little book have proceeded.

Another point demonstrated by experience is that plays in which the characters may be assumed exclusively by girls are often the most successful. It does not follow that boys have not been considered in the preparation of this volume, but the point has been nevertheless borne in mind, and if boys are not available or regarded desirable it will be easily possible to dispense with their services in a majority of the plays offered. The play of "Cinderella," as herein presented, has been put on by girls ranging from eight to fifteen years of age, with possibly more satisfactory results than would have been reached with boys in the cast. The advantage of a company exclusively feminine will be at once appreciated by all who have had experience with dramatic rehearsals.

We do not feel that an apology is necessary for the surrender of so much space to the story of *Cinderella*. It is a popular theme in childhood and affords dramatic possibilities which every child immediately recognizes and enjoys. "*The Modern Cinderella*" is a whimsical overturning of the old story, following the same general lines with a shifting of personal characteristics. "*The Wooing of Penelope*," (reprinted by kind permission of the *Chap Book*) is a shadow play, to be enacted in pantomime behind a sheet or thin curtain, while the lines are read to the audience just preceding the action. "*The Muses Up-to-Date*," written for girls, should be cast with reference to in-

dividual accomplishments required, and in this as well as in the other plays much latitude is given for incidental specialties. In "Trouble in the Garden" the principal feature is, of course, the groups of living pictures, and a small army of children will be required for its presentation, with opportunities for very pretty artistic effects and a demand for no little study and preparation of necessary properties. "The Fairies' Revenge" is in recognition of a not unnatural desire on the part of many children to assume Shakespearean characters, but it is not to be apprehended that such assumptions, as we have outlined, will too severely tax the capability of any child. Not even Shakespeare himself could accuse us of gross plagiarism.

So much for a prologue which was begun as a well intended explanation and which is taking on the nature of an apology. The stage is waiting and we have overlooked the point that the author should not be heard from until the audience calls him. Let us ring up the curtain.

H. D. F.

R. M. F.

Buena Park, October, 1897.



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THE MUSES UP-TO-DATE.

**A MYTHOLOGICAL LIBERTY IN TWO ACTS
WITH A PROLOGUE.**

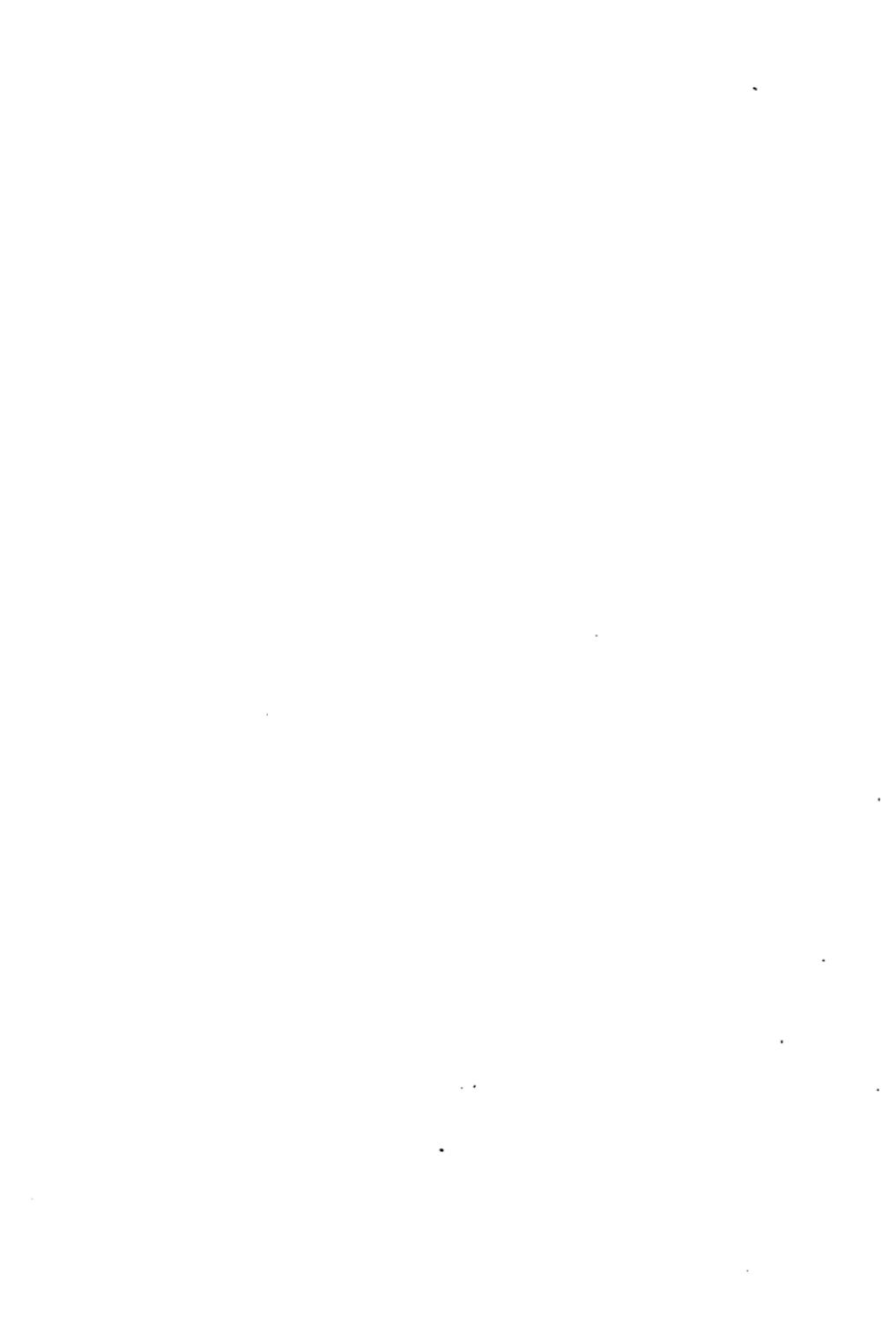
CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

PATIENCE
PRUDENCE
MERCY
THANKFUL } *School Girls.*

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

MELPOMENE, *Muse of Tragedy.*
CLIO, *Muse of History.*
THALIA, *Muse of Comedy.*
CALLIOPE, *Muse of Heroic Song.*
URANIA, *Muse of Astronomy.*
TERPSICHORE, *Muse of the Dance.*
ERATO, *Muse of the Love Song.*
EUTERPE, *Muse of Lyric Poetry.*
POLYHYMNIA, *Muse of the Sublime Hymn.*
MNEMOSYNE, *Mother of the Muses.*
ZEUS, *Father of the Muses.*
GANYMEDES, *Cup-Bearer and Factotum.*

TIME, *the Present.*



PROLOGUE.

(As the curtain rises PATIENCE and PRUDENCE advance from one side of the stage and MERCY and THANKFUL from the other. They are very demure in appearance and soberly dressed, after the fashion of school girls of serious minds. Each carries a book on which her eyes are bent. They meet in the center of the stage and walk abreast slowly to the footlights, where the prologue is begun.)

PATIENCE.

(Reading.) The Muses are called the daughters of Zeus;
Each Muse is assigned for particular use;
Some say there are nine, and others but three—

(Looking up impatiently.)

O dear, these Muses are Greek to me!

MERCY.

(Reading.) The Muses are patrons of science and art,
Of music and dancing and songs of the heart;
Some say there are nine, and others but three—

(*Looking up, sighing.*)
Alas, there were always too many for me!

PRUDENCE.

(*Reading.*) The Muses dwelt near the Pierian spring;
The water, they claimed, was what helped them to sing;
Their cult was the fashion on Helicon hill—
(*Looking up wearily.*)
And for all that I know they are run after still.

THANKFUL.

(*Reading.*) The Muses were sung to by seekers of fame;
Each Muse had a hard, unpronounceable name.
Nine tongue-twisting names, or, some say, only three—

(*Looking up in disgust.*)
But to call one off-hand would be too much for me.

(*All close their books.*)

MERCY.

(*Pointing to her book.*) I say what I feel, and I say without fear,
Such rubbish as we have been studying here Is all very well as a classical joke

For teachers and other ridiculous folk;
But you know, and I know, in fact we all
know,
That Muses as Muses were painfully slow;
And as to competing in song or in dance,
A Muse now would stand not a ghost of a
chance.

PATIENCE.

Then why should we suffer these books to
assert
A ridiculous thing we can all controvert?
And why do we not in a manner combine
To put to chagrin this preposterous nine?

THANKFUL.

It is easy enough to assume that a Muse
Is a teacher a common sense girl may refuse;
(*Pointing to the audience.*)

But how can we prove our assertion to these?

PATIENCE.

Why, we as the prologue may do as we please.
We'll show them the Muses are not up to
date.

Come, gather around, and a plan I'll relate.
(*They get together and whisper a few seconds;
then, laughing, fall back into line.*)

PRUDENCE.

A capital plan; it will work, I am sure;
At last our revenge on these frauds is secure.

(Doubtfully.)

And yet in some minor details it's amiss.

MERCY.

You think so? Well, what do you say then
to this?

*(They confer a second time and, laughing, re-
sume their places.)*

THANKFUL.

That's better by far; it is too good to keep.
How our old friends—whose names have es-
caped me—will weep.

I presume as the prologue we're called on to
show

In advance how we purpose to do it.

MERCY. PATIENCE. PRUDENCE.

No, No!

PATIENCE.

While we, as the prologue, the tasks may allot,
'Tis a very bad prologue that talks of its plot.

(To the audience.)

Suffice it to say you may learn it by dint

Of watching us closely and getting a hint.

(Again they whisper.)

MERCY.

Our plan is perfected, our plot is complete;
And so, like a prologue of sense, we'll retreat.

(To her companions.)

Has any one anything further to say?

PRUDENCE.

(Looking toward the wings.) I see from the
wings it is time for the play.

PATIENCE.

(Consulting her watch.) Good gracious! and
here I am forced to confess
I have only a couple of minutes to dress.

(To the audience.)

I have one little favor to ask of the boys:
If the stage is kept waiting don't make too
much noise.

THANKFUL.

(Impatiently.) Come, girls, put an end to
this talking—gee whiz!
You know what a terror the manager is.

(To the audience.)

When I think of that despot's contempt for
a girl,

It sets my poor head in a terrible whirl.

MERCY.

Yes, Thankful is right; we have tarried too long.

(Looking toward the wings.)

The language out there is unpleasantly strong.
We may finish this chat, but I can't tell you when;

(Kissing her hand.)

And so, au revoir till we see you again.

CURTAIN.

THE MUSES UP-TO-DATE

ACT I.

SCENE I. THE SUMMIT OF OLYMPUS.

(The Muses, CLIO, THALIA, CALLIOPE, POLYHYMNIA and TERPSICHORE are lying about in picturesque attitudes in white, classic costumes. CLIO holds in her hand a half-opened roll of parchment and a pen. THALIA holds a shepherd's crook and a comic mask and wears a wreath of ivy. In CALLIOPE'S hand is a trumpet wreathed with laurel. POLYHYMNIA is partly veiled and preserves at all times a solemn demeanor. TERPSICHORE carries a tambourine with little bells.)

CLIO.

Alas the day, but I am weary of this life.
(Yawns and stretches her arms.)

CALLIOPE.

(Languidly.) The sun comes and goes, leaving the day ever as before.

TERPSICHORE.

(Rising and stretching.) I feel as if I were

turning into stone. It has been so long since I have danced and made merry that my body is benumbed. (*Starts to dance.*) It's of no use. My feet are as heavy as lead.

POLYHYMNIA.

I dare not venture beyond our sacred resting-place. The heavens reproach me for not inspiring the sons of men to praise of them.

THALIA.

As for me, I stagnate.

CALLIOPE.

What are we to do? I wander aimlessly over the hills of Greece looking in vain for the votive offerings. Alas, the altars are deserted.

THALIA.

If we could only escape the jeers and taunts of the daughters of Pieros whom we transformed into birds for their insolence in challenging us to a trial of skill!

CLIO.

It is maddening. But yesterday, as I sat by the brook, six of them flew by, each repeating: "How now, Clio, what are you doing in

the historical line? Has the world ceased to move, or can't you find a publisher?"

ALL.

(*Indignantly.*) The brazen things!
(*Melpomene enters listlessly. She holds a tragic mask and drags a sword on the ground. On her head is a wreath of vine leaves.*)

MELPOMENE.

(*In a melancholy tone.*) Greeting, fair sisters. I heard your voices in discussion, and even discussion is so strange an occurrence nowadays that I came to learn the cause.

POLYHYMNIA.

Cause enough, Melpomene, and always the same cause. What can be the matter with the mortals that they invoke us no longer, and offer not the libations of milk and honey?

CLIO.

Alas, those fickle mortals!

CALLIOPE.

Yet I have heard that they call us the "fickle Muses."

ALL.

Well, did you ever!

MELPOMENE.

Urания tells me that the world is full of tragedy, dear, delightful tragedy. She tells me things that would fill me with enthusiasm (*regretfully*) if I could possibly muster up enthusiasm. I wait for the call of an importuning voice, but I listen in vain.

(*EUTERPE is heard outside playing a doleful air on the flute. The Muses rest their heads on their hands and sigh.*)

POLYHYMNIA.

Listen; there is Euterpe; she who was so light-hearted and happy. Now she does nothing the whole day long but pipe those mournful melodies.

(*All sigh. EUTERPE and ERATO enter dejectedly. ERATO is covered with myrtle and roses and carries a bow and darts.*)

ALL.

Welcome, sisters.

THALIA.

How fares it with you, Euterpe?

EUTERPE.

Wretchedly. Erato and I have journeyed from Mount Helicon, looking for offerings.

CLIO.

(*Sarcastically.*) And found them, of course.

ERATO.

(*Petulantly.*) Oh, I am heartily sick of this stupid life. Is love no longer a passion in the world? I have enough on hand to fill the universe, yet every time I sing a song or let fly a dart the one falls on dull ears and the other is blunted by a pocket-book. Bah! (*Throws herself on the ground.*) Hearts are the things I am after. Where are the hearts?

EUTERPE.

(*Dolefully.*) Gone out of existence with music. All the day and night my ears are filled with the harmony of the spheres, and I am consumed with longing to give its beauties to these children of men. (*With animation.*) The winds are singing the sweetest melodies and on they go echoing through space.

POLYHYMNIA.

Pray, don't excite yourself, Euterpe, for

they will have plenty of time to echo before there are any visible results. There is something amiss with the world. Look, here comes *Urania*. She knows more of the matters of the earth than we. Perhaps she can solve the problem.

(*URANIA* enters. *She holds compasses in her hand. A crown of stars is on her head.*)

TERPSICHORE.

We were just speaking of you, *Urania*, and wondering if you could unravel the mystery which perplexes us. Why are we so neglected by the mortals?

CLIO.

I need not add that their ability to get along without our assistance is most exasperating.

URANIA.

(*Wearily.*) You are as able to explain it, dear sisters, as I am. Indeed, I have puzzled over it in vain.

THALIA.

(*Spitefully.*) Well, if I had the control of the heavens as you have I'd make it interesting for them or know the reason why.

URANIA.

And so I have, my dear. I have tried every scheme possible. I have changed the seasons so that it snowed in June while trees blossomed in February. What good did it do? These perverse mortals merely fell to bragging of their climate and advertising summer and winter resorts.

MELPOMENE.

Why did you not ask our father Jupiter to hurl his thunderbolts among them to punish their disrespect?

URANIA.

I tried that also, but without avail. We sent the winds upon the earth and lifted the houses from their foundations, and scattered their possessions; opened the floodgates and visited them with the most dreadful tempests.

MELPOMENE.

(Dramatically.) And I, the Muse of Tragedy, was never invoked during these experiences. Shame, O shame!

ALL.

Shame! Shame!

EUTERPE.

And you were still unsuccessful?

URANIA.

Entirely so. The provoking creatures constructed what they called a weather bureau and fibretold what we were going to do. And every morning they would publish our programme for the day. So the people dug cyclone cellars, and when they heard there was an area of very low barometer off they would go to their holes like so many prairie dogs.

ALL.

How low!

URANIA.

When I saw how they had outwitted us I broke down completely. And Father Jupiter patted me on the head and said: "There, there, Urania, don't cry." And he gave me power to do whatever seems best. Now the question is, what is best?

TERPSICHORE.

Yesterday I lingered for a moment near the old site of one of our founts of inspiration and overheard two young men discourse of some

dancing maidens. They spoke lightly of them, and one remarked that they were daisies.

ALL.

(*Wonderingly.*) Daisies?

POLYHYMNIA.

(*Devoutly.*) This is the work and pleasure of the gods, who transform maidens into the flowers of the field for their protection or their punishment.

TERPSICHORE.

The other youth averred that he had seen these maidens dancing and—though I cannot grasp his meaning—he declared with enthusiasm that they were out of sight.

ALL.

(*Astonished.*) Out of sight?

MELPOMENE.

(*Puzzled.*) Now, and he had not the wondrous gift of the gods, how could he see them and they were out of sight?

(*The Muses shake their heads and are lost in perplexity and astonishment.*)

THALIA.

That was strange indeed. I also had an experience. For as Euterpe and I one day not long since drew near the two bands of iron and steel with which the mortals have encircled the earth, we met a company of players plodding wearily along. And one of them said to a comrade: "Old man, we're not in it!"

ALL.

Not in it?

CLIO.

Not in what?

THALIA.

Nay, and I know not, unless it was in good attire, for they were poorly clad. And another mentioned my name in a ribald manner, while the first speaker said angrily: "Shoot Thalia!"

(The Muses shrink in horror.)

CALLIOPE.

And why should they wish to shoot you?
And had they bows and arrows?

THALIA.

Truly I cannot say, for I fled in wrath and dismay.

ERATO.

These mortals are hard to understand. But yesterday at evening I met a youth and maiden straying in a garden. And though I would have inspired in him the sweetest songs to carol to his love, he heeded not my lyre of many strings but spoke pettishly to her and told her in a tone of no gentleness that she made him tired.

URANIA.

Mayhap the youth was wearied.

ERATO.

Not so, for an hour later I found him strolling by the river, blithe and happy, with another maiden.

ALL.

Oh! Oh!

URANIA.

The heartless wretch.

POLYHYMNIA.

Since, as it seems to me, we cannot obtain satisfaction while we linger here I propose that we make a visit to the earth in a body, mingle freely with the children of men and satisfy our curiosity.

(*The Muses start in astonishment.*)

THALIA.

That would be a comedy indeed. I'm for it.

URANIA.

This is the festival of Venus. Let us burn a fire on her altar and dance in her honor that she may smile on our undertaking. See, yonder comes our mother Mnemosyne with young Ganymedes. They will assist us.

(*Mnemosyne enters slowly, followed by Ganymedes dragging a cart. At a nod from Mnemosyne, who preserves the utmost gravity, and who keeps her hands folded in her raiment, Ganymedes gathers up the emblems of the Muses, puts them in the cart and draws them away, gravely followed by Mnemosyne. In the meantime the Muses have kindled the sacred fire on a high pedestal and, joining hands, dance slowly and gracefully around it.*)

SCENE II.

AMONG THE MORTALS.

(*A parlor in the Hotel Uptodate. Thalia, Melpomene and Clio are seated in chairs or gazing out of the windows. The others, except*

TERPSICHORE, enter slowly one by one. All are puzzled and embarrassed.)

MELPOMENE.

How the people stared at us in the street. And how strangely they dress and how rude they are.

CLIO.

And those queer men who waved their whips at us and kept calling "Kab, kab!" I ought to know something about Greek, but I never heard the word "Kab" before in my life.

THALIA.

It all struck me as being very funny, much funnier than any comedy I have ever directed. How Father Zeus will laugh when I tell him about the chariots that are pulled along by wire.

EUTERPE.

And the narrow temples that reach almost to the skies.

ERATO.

And the funny little men who hop along the street—so. (*Imitating the walk of a dude.*)

POLYHYMNIA.

(*Anxiously.*) At the same time I did not

feel at all safe. It is most fortunate for us that Hermes, who is such a great traveler, told us of this resting place or I should have died of mortification on the street.

URANIA.

Now that we are here, what are we going to do? We have seen the people and can understand why they have never called on us. I certainly have not the courage to call on them.

CLIO.

Yet it would not do to go home without further investigation. Moreover, I am so bewildered that I am not certain that I could find the way home.

THALIA.

I saw a man in the corridor wheeling a gigantic chest and whistling a lively but ribald melody. I will call him.

ALL.

(*Quickly.*) Oh, no, no!

POLYHYMNIA.

Pray do not call a man, a vulgar, mortal man.

EUTERPE.

(Peeping out of the door.) There stands a maiden. She looks young and innocent. (Sadly.) But, oh, how fantastically she is attired.

POLYHYMNIA.

Bid her come in.

EUTERPE.

Come, maiden, come hither.

(TERPSICHORE enters, disguised in the conventional dress of a school girl. The Muses gaze wonderingly at her and she stares curiously at them.)

URANIA.

What is your name, maiden?

TERPSICHORE.

Mamie Potts.

(The Muses look at one another in astonishment and one or two repeat vaguely, "Mamie-potts."

POLYHYMNIA.

Poor child! Very likely she cannot help her name, which has, forsooth, a barbarous sound. (To TERPSICHORE.) Do you not know us, maiden?

TERPSICHORE.

No; I can't say that I do.

POLYHYMNIA.

(*With great dignity.*) Are you sure, maiden?

TERPSICHORE.

(*Brightening.*) Oh, you are the Sutherland—no, that cannot be, for there were only seven of them.

URANIA.

We are the nine Muses.

TERPSICHORE.

(*Indifferently.*) Oh, yes, I have heard of you often enough, and a great lot of trouble you put me to. It was hard enough to remember your names, and when it came to thinking what each of you did I was completely stumped.

THALIA.

(*To URANIA, joyfully.*) You see, sister, we are not entirely forgotten after all.

TERPSICHORE.

But what on earth are you doing here? I thought you stayed somewhere up on a mountain and did queer things, and made it partic-

ularly hard for people in school and particularly easy for people out of school.

POLYHYMNIA.

(Gravely.) We thought we were forgotten of mankind, and we have descended to earth to find the cause of neglect.

TERPSICHORE.

But you are not going around dressed like that! You'll overlook my saying it, but you look like guys.

(The Muses appear perplexed, and repeat in a troubled voice, "Guys, guys?")

URANIA.

(Gently.) You say we look like—what?

TERPSICHORE.

I mean we do not dress in that sort of style any more. The boys would run after you on the street and you would be taken for dime museum freaks. *(With emotion.)* Oh, it must be awful to be taken for a dime museum freak!

(The Muses shudder and huddle together.)

POLYHYMNIA.

(Solemnly.) I do not assume to know what

this dime museum freak may be, but something tells me it is a thing unpleasant. Tell us, maiden, what we must do that the boys may not run after us, and that we may not be assailed as dime museum freaks.

TERPSICHORE.

I ought not to do anything for you after the trouble I've had on your account. But it is such jolly fun to meet real, live muses. In the first place you'll have to buy a lot of new dresses, and (*looking at their feet*) I should advise you to change your shoes. Then, you know, we don't wear our hair at all in your fashion, and—Oh, dear, you mustn't go around carrying a lot of masks and musical instruments like a company of barnstormers. You really musn't, you know.

ALL.

(*Bewildered.*) Barnstormers?

TERPSICHORE.

Yes; theater people, you understand; "East Lynn," "Fanchon," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and all that sort of thing.

THALIA.

And must we dress like you, maiden?

TERPSICHORE.

Well, not exactly like me, for you see you're several thousand years older than I am, but somewhat after my general style. The dressmaker will attend to that. (*To URANIA.*) If you don't mind I'll get my hat and go along with you. We'll start right away. I'll tell them at the office to order carriages, for if I were seen with you on the street in those togs I'd never hear the last of it. You wait here and I'll be back in a minute. (*Exit.*)

POLYHYMNIA.

This maiden means us fairly and seems to talk with discretion for one so young.

THALIA.

Yet I am not disposed to give up the distinctive signs of my great office.

ALL.

Nor I! Nor I!

URANIA.

Let us then, as well as we can, humor the

queer conceits of these mortals but remain steadfast to our exalted missions.

POLYHYMNIA.

And shall we not, ere we go hence, renew our sacred rites?

(*The Muses glance around the room in perplexity. EUTERPE spies a modern bust on a pedestal.*)

EUTERPE.

See, sisters; is not this a counterfeit presentment of the gods? Let us to our rites!

(*The bust is reverently placed in the center of the stage, and the Muses, joining hands, dance solemnly around it, chanting in low voices. During the dance TERPSICHORE enters the room and holds her handkerchief to her face to stifle her laughter.*)

TERPSICHORE.

The carriages are waiting, sisters.

(*The Muses stop dancing and look at TERPSICHORE.*)

THALIA.

Why, it's Terpsichore.

TERPSICHORE.

(*Coming forward.*) It was not a very sis-

terly joke to play, was it? But I could not help taking advantage of my first arrival on earth to put myself in touch with the mortals. (*Mysteriously.*) This is a dreadful world, sisters, and it behooves us well to be on our guard.

POLYHYMNIA.

(*Tragically.*) Come, sisters, let us go. And look not out of the windows of the chariots lest we be pursued of small boys and be mistaken for guys and dime museum freaks. Lead on.

CURTAIN.



ACT II.

SCENE—A GARDEN.

(*A view of rustic seats and benches, with Japanese lanterns suspended from the trees. THALIA enters, dancing and laughing, dressed after the manner of young women in the modern farce comedy.*)

THALIA.

This trip to earth is altogether the jolliest lark I have ever had. There's more real fun

in one night among these mortals than in an ordinary life-time on Olympus. My, wouldn't Mother Mnemosyne be surprised if she could drop down and see me in this costume! I rather fancy that I've (*stops to think*)—what do they call it now? O, yes, caught on. I wonder what the girls are doing. I haven't seen them to-day. (*The beating of a tambourine is heard.* THALIA walks to the end of the stage and shades her eyes with her hand.) Now, what on earth is this queer thing coming? I must stand aside and watch.

(POLYHYMNIA enters attired like a *Salvation Army* lassie. She beats a tambourine and walks around the stage humming a popular air in slow, measured time.)

THALIA.

Well, if it isn't Polly, our sedate, dignified Polly! (*Laughing.*) Now, by the memories of all that was sacred, who and what are you, Polly?

POLYHYMNIA.

(*Looking curiously at THALIA.*) Why, it's Thalie. My dear Thalie, how you have improved. How do you like my get-up? (*Turns slowly around.*) Yes, it didn't take me

long to find out that my ideas as expressed in the Olympian hymn are all wrong. (*Sadly.*) What a back number I have been all these years. This is the age of realism in my line of business as in yours. We must catch the people, and one way of catching them is to drum 'em up.

THALIA.

Yes, I've found that out.

POLYHYMNIA.

Now in order to catch the masses I have been obliged to modify the character of my music, and I have found it most effective. If you like I'll give you an example of the way it is done.

THALIA.

By all means. (*Sits down on a bench.*)

POLYHYMNIA.

(*Singing to the air of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."*)

Satan is so very sly;
Thinks he'll get you when you die.
Got his expectations high;
I'll just fool him once, says I.

(*Dancing.*)

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, etc.

THALIA.

(*Clapping her hands.*) Beautiful, Polly, beautiful. Why you are right in it, as they say down here. (*Soberly.*) But how do you suppose Apollo would like it?

POLYHYMNIA.

My dear Thalie, between you and me it doesn't make a particle of difference here what Apollo thinks. Occasionally they name a few singing societies and variety theaters after him, and even then they manage usually to misspell his name. But putting all that aside, where were you last night? I thought you were going to bring Terpsichore to the barracks and we needed her so badly. Her dancing would give such zest to our meetings.

THALIA.

Really, Polly, you'll have to excuse me; my time is so thoroughly occupied. I am rehearsing a comedy written by a scholarly night reporter of a metropolitan newspaper during dog watch. I am going to make a sensation. It has four song and dance men, a trick donkey and seven girl dancers. We call it "A Pewter Mug."

POLYHYMNIA.

What an extraordinary name! What is the plot?

THALIA.

(Compassionately.) You poor, deluded child. Don't you know that comedies nowadays have no plots? That's where the art comes in. If we had a plot the people in our company would not know what to do with it.

POLYHYMNIA.

Oh, I see. It's funny we never thought of that before. What a lot of trouble it would have saved the old timers.

THALIA.

Look, Polly, there comes Clie. Well, nobody is likely to complain that she isn't up to date.

(*CLIO enters in a costume made of newspapers. In her hand she carries a pencil and pad.*)

CLIO.

I'm just out, girls. This is the first edition. I'm a little too new in the business to brag, but confidentially this is a scoop. Why, Polly, how sweet you look! I hardly knew

you. There's a long article about you somewhere on me. (*She turns about and THALIA and POLYHYMNIA search for the article.*)

POLYHYMNIA.

Never mind, Cli., I'm much obliged just the same. Now I must be off to the barracks. (*Exit dancing and singing "Ta-ra-ra, etc.* THALIA and CLIO watch her laughingly.)

CLIO.

Polly is a great girl, isn't she, Thalie? Heigho, this is a jolly snap for me. No more long, weary volumes of dry history that people won't read. I do it all up in a day. Look at me. I don't know how many of me there are, but I do know that each of me has the largest circulation. You perceive that I am so constructed that he who runs may read.

(*A wild shriek is heard. MELPOMENE enters. She is fashionably dressed, with train, and holds a dagger which she brandishes. CLIO and THALIA, not recognizing her, run in dismay and hide behind the benches.*)

MELPOMENE.

(*Gesticulating wildly.*) Ha, villain! Back,

and touch me not! You have robbed me of my che-ild, but still I tell thee, I defy thee! Go, perjured one! Ha, ha, he flies! I am saved, saved! (*Sinks as if exhausted upon a bench.*)

CLIO.

(*Peeping above the bench, to THALIA.*) Why, it's Mel.

THALIA.

What has come over her?

CLIO.

Crazy; not a doubt of it.

THALIA.

I should feel more comfortable if she would put down that knife. Ahem!

(*MELPOMENE looks around, and CLIO and THALIA duck their heads. They carefully peep a second time.*)

CLIO.

Don't be rash, Thalie; she's certainly crazy.

MELPOMENE.

(*Catching sight of them.*) Crazy? Not a bit of it. Don't be ridiculous, girls. Get up and tell me how I do it. I am leading lady

in a new tragedy, "The Heir of Poodledom," and that was a bit of the heroine's part. It is the greatest production of the century. Two tanks filled with running water, a fire engine drawn by four spirited horses, a sawmill in operation for the escape of the father, and a real train of cars passing over a bridge from which the heroine is suspended by her teeth. She is saved by the lover, of course, who turns out to be the heir to the throne of Bulgaria. They sail for Europe and the steamer is blown up in mid-ocean, but this little mishap is easily remedied and the lovers float to rest and happiness.

THALIA.

Do you call that tragedy.

MELPOMENE.

(*Piqued.*) Well, I certainly do not consider a steamer explosion and the death of 500 passengers pastoral comedy. I thought I knew something about tragical occurrences in the old days when we were expected to get up entertainments for the art evenings of the gods, but I see now that I did not grasp even the first principles.

CLIO.

(*Sighing.*) How stupid we were.

MELPOMENE.

And more to the point, how stupid those evenings were. Well, girls, I'm off. (*Assumes a tragic pose.*) He said it was in the third right hand drawer at the left of the book-case. 'Tis well! 'Tis well! (*Exit.*)

CLIO.

Candidly it strikes me as pretty bad, but this will never make history. Come with me, Thalie, and we will combine our talents. You shall see a tariff committee at work and frame a comedy on it that will be enduring.

(*Both go off laughing.* CALLIOPE and URANIA enter from the opposite side. CALLIOPE is dressed in a costume representing a football player. URANIA impersonates electricity.)

URANIA.

What do you think of the world, Callie, now that you have seen the condition of things? Have you found your heroes?

CALLIOPE.

Found them? Why the country is full of

them. Not your old style of heroes by any means; not the kind of men who shut themselves up in armor and hacked at one another with axes and broadswords, but men of real valor and spirit, who fight and die in an imperishable cause.

URANIA.

(*Wonderingly.*) I thought all heroes did that.

CALLIOPE.

Not at all, my dear girl. Where is the hero whom we used to admire from Olympus who can compare with the football player of to-day? What is a more ennobling and exciting spectacle than this? (*Goes to the wings and comes running in and around the stage with a football tucked under her arm in imitation of a half-back. Placing it in the center of the stage, she imitates the center rush snapping it back. Throwing it from her, she rushes forward and falls upon it.*)

URANIA.

Well done, Callie. That was glorious, surely.

CALLIOPE.

I am on the verge of nervous prostration

right now over the great game played to-day by the heroes of Harvard and Yale. I am sure the death scenes must have been beautiful. Oh, it is sweet for one's college to die!

(CLIO *rushes in.*)

CLIO.

Extra! All about the great game at Springfield! Neither side able to score! Both captains killed and nine men and the referee mortally wounded! Full account of scenes on the field and in the hospital! Extra!

CALLIOPE.

Glorious! Glorious! Thus does Calliope proclaim to the world the deeds of the heroes!

(*Raises a little tin horn, around which is a large wreath of laurel, and gives a prolonged blast.*)

URANIA.

You seem to be contented, Callie. As for myself I don't know whether to be amused or disgusted. I have long supposed that I knew considerable about the heavens, but I find on my arrival here that I am regarded far behind the times. Did you ever hear such impertinence? They have even taken to investigat-

ing the storms that we have been in the habit of sending, and laugh at my offers to show them the mysteries, coolly saying that there are no mysteries. What do you think of that?

CALLIOPE.

You'll have to surrender gracefully with the rest of us, *Urania*, and enjoy yourself.

URANIA.

Yes, I have almost decided to resign my position as a Muse and study astronomy. Why, Callie, these people can give me points about my own business! They tell me that through electrical experiments they have brought to light extraordinary phenomena that Father Zeus and I only guessed at. It is positively ridiculous and disgraceful. If I were to go back to Olympus and spring some of the things they have told me on the gods I should be turned over to Vulcan and chained down as a crank. I think I'll stay right here.

(A noise of singing and laughing is heard outside. EUTERPE, ERATO, THALIA and TERPSICHORE enter. ERATO is dressed as a concert hall singer; EUTERPE in fantastic attire. TERPSICHORE represents a skirt dancer.)

CLIO.

Here's a nice quartet of Muses! Aren't you ashamed to be seen parading about in this costume?

EUTERPE.

We have been looking for you girls everywhere. I heard, *Urania*, that you had taken a party of scientists on a new electrical flying machine to investigate a planet that Congress is going to open up to settlement.

URANIA.

(Hesitatingly.) Ye-s, or rather the party took me, and on the theory that no great movement is complete now unless the women are represented. We worked up quite a little boom in real estate, all corner lots and all property warranted gilt-edged. But evidently you haven't missed me. You seem to have been having a pretty good time yourselves.

EUTERPE.

To tell the truth, we have just come from the Vaudeville club entertainment, and I need not tell you who made the hit of the evening.

CLIO.

The Vaudeville club? Tell me about it.
(Pulls out paper and pencil.)

EUTERPE.

The smart set varieties, of course. (With surprise.)

CLIO.

Is it possible? Does the smart set call on the Muses?

TERPSICHORE.

Well, no, not on the Muses as Muses, but decidedly on the Muses as entertainers. So we gave them what we thought they would like and made a great success.

CLIO.

(Busily writing.) The entertainment given by the local Four Hundred at the Vaudeville last evening was the most brilliant of the season's many brilliant functions. That gifted wonder of the saltatory world, Terp—

TERPSICHORE.

Oh, come, Cli; if you really must report this let us give you a better idea of the performance. What do you say? Shall we repeat our specialties?

URANIA and CLIO.

By all means.

TERPSICHORE.

Then take seats in the boxes and prepare to be instructed. Shall we have Euterpe first?

ALL.

(*Clapping their hands.*) M'lle. Euterpe!
M'lle. Euterpe!

(*The Muses seat themselves. EUTERPE comes forward and sings a popular topical song.*)

TERPSICHORE.

Now I'll do my justly celebrated skirt dance. There are various other movements that I am not quite up to, but they will come in time.

(TERPSICHORE *dances.*)

TERPSICHORE.

What do you think of it?

URANIA.

(*Doubtfully.*) It is pretty, but it is somewhat different from our Olympian dances.

TERPSICHORE.

Of course, child. If I had attempted to

perpetrate one of our religious quicksteps which old Mother Mnemosyne taught us, the audience would have either mobbed us, or gone to sleep. Now for Signorina Erato.

ALL.

Signorina Erato!

(ERATO sings a sentimental song of the day. As she finishes MELPOMENE enters limping, her head done up in bandages. The Muses rush to her.)

CALLIOPE.

Why, Mel, what is the matter, dear?

MELPOMENE.

(Groaning and sinking on the bench.) Matter enough. I was rehearsing "The Heir of Poodledom," and in the scene where I hang to the bridge with my teeth while the train passes over—

ALL.

Yes, yes.

MELPOMENE.

Well, either my teeth or the plank gave way, and I fell into the tank of water, or perhaps through it. At all events my head is broken. (The Muses turn away and laugh.)

THALIA.

(With mock gravity.) This is one of the dangers of realism in tragedy. Come, Terpsie, give us another dance and cheer her up.

(TERPSICHORE begins to dance, when the beating of a drum interrupts her, and POLYHYMNIA enters. TERPSICHORE falls in behind her, and the seven other Muses join the procession, all marching around the stage.)

THALIA.

Let's all have a dance!

CLIO.

All except Mel. Plainly, she does not feel like it.

MELPOMENE.

(Jumping up with vigor.) Who says I don't feel like it? I wish it distinctly understood that no dance goes on without the tragic Muse.

CLIO.

Very well then, come on. And now for an old-time celebration adapted to the Muses up to date.

(The drum is placed in the center of the stage and on it the Muses throw their paper, pencil,

horn, wreaths and all their modern badges of office. They dance around with joined hands, singing and laughing. ZEUS and MNEMOSYNE suddenly appear, unperceived by the Muses, and look on in indignation and horror.)

MNEMOSYNE.

Are you my daughters who were wont to sing
And wake the echoes 'round our sacred spring?
Are you the same imperishable Nine
Whom once I gloried to consider mine?
Is it for this—my brain is in a whirl—
I had nine children, every one a girl?
Is it for this I cornered every art
To give you girls a comfortable start?
Ungrateful creatures, I and Father Zeus—

ZEUS.

(Interrupting.) H-m, Zeus and I, my dear—

MNEMOSYNE.

(Sharply.) Don't be obtuse.
As I was saying, I and Zeus believed
And trusted you ; and thus we are deceived.
Unhappy girls, who left a life of ease
To put on such disgraceful clothes as these!
Unhappy mother I, poor father he,

So disappointed in our progeny!
However, we forgive, perchance forget.
Come home at once ; we may be happy yet.

(*When MNEMOSYNE begins speaking the Muses retire in alarm to the other end of the stage. As she finishes and puts her handkerchief to her eyes they edge forward with embarrassment, MELPOMENE in front.*)

MELPOMENE.

I gather, mother, from the views you state,
That, strictly speaking, you're not up to date.
It pains me beyond measure to confess
That you, not we, are way off in your dress.
I say this, trust me, with respect profound.

(*To her sisters.*)

Now isn't ma most hideously gowned?

(*The Muses nod assent, holding up their hands, shrugging their shoulders and otherwise expressing their disapproval of MNEMOSYNE's costume.*)

ZEUS.

(*Humbly.*) As father here—

MNEMOSYNE.

(*Sharply.*) Now will you please keep still!
Your constant chattering makes me very ill.

ZEUS.

(*Timidly.*) But Mnemie, dear, remember
I am Zeus.

MNEMOSYNE.

And all the same of no decided use.
If you will graciously not interfere,
I'll undertake to settle matters here.

CLIO.

(*Aside, and feeling for her pencil.*)
I may be wrong, and yet it seems as if
I ought to publish this parental tiff.
Now wouldn't it delight the world to see
Pa's picture with that of Mnemosyne?
And hear those cunning little newsboys
cry:
"Scandal in high life!"—pa is pretty high?

MNEMOSYNE.

Now girls, I ask you plainly, will you go
Straight home with me and change your
clothes?

ALL.

No, no!

ZEUS.

(*Shyly.*) As father here—

MNEMOSYNE.

Oh, there you go again!
Deliver me from tiresome gods and men!
Just as our point I'm in the way to gain
You must break in with some remark inane.

ZEUS.

(*Gently.*) My dear, permit me—

MNEMOSYNE.

Not another word!

POLYHYMNIA.

Now really, ma, I think pa should be heard.
He may be prosy, but with this excuse:
That kings are never tiresome—much less
Zeus.

MNEMOSYNE.

(*Angrily.*) How dare you, child, presume
to lecture me!
I am your mother and Mnemosyne.
My word is law.

POLYHYMNIA.

(*Pointing upward as if toward Olympus.*)
Up there we give assent;
But not down here to any large extent.
Now, ma, be sensible; stay with us here.

Enjoy yourself for once; come, there's a
dear!

MNEMOSYNE.

(*In horror.*) What, stay here? Never!

POLYHYMΝΙΑ.

(*Turning away.*) Well, just as you say.
I give fair warning, we are here to stay.

THALIA.

(*Coaxingly.*) Come, ma, it's nicer here
than Mel. can tell.

MNEMOSYNE.

(*Horrfied.*) You slangy girl, you dare to
call her Mel.?

TERPSICHORE.

(*Poutingly.*) Pa calls you Mnemie, which
is slangier still;

But then one gets anæmic on the hill.

ALL.

Oh, oh!

ZEUS.

(*Humbly.*) As father here—

MNEMOSYNE.

(*To ZEUS.*) Now that will do.
I've heard sufficient without hearing you.

URANIA.

Dear parents, you have always come to me
To read the future in astronomy.
And now, unless your willfulness debars,
We'll try to satisfy you through our stars.
(*To TERPSICHORE.*)

Come, Terpsie, show the folks from Helicon
Your latest step.

ZEUS.

(Feebly protesting.) As father here—

ALL.

(*To TERPSICHORE.*) Go on!

(TERPSICHORE begins to dance. MNEMOSYNE wildly waves her arms as if urging TERPSICHORE to stop, ZEUS bends over and pats his hand in time to the dancer's steps, while MNEMOSYNE pulls him from the stage, the father of the gods losing his crown and dropping his sceptre in the attempt to free himself from MNEMOSYNE'S grasp. The Muses again join hands and dance around the drum with every manifestation of enjoyment.)

CURTAIN.



CINDERELLA.

A FAIRY COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.



PEOPLE OF THE PLAY.

SERENISSIMA, *Queen of Hoky Poky.*
LADY ALLSPICE, *the Wicked Stepmother.*
ARABELLA, *the Heartless Sister.*
CLARISSA, *Another of the Same Sort.*
CINDERELLA, *the Maid-of-All-Work.*
THE FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.
LADY DAZZLE.
LADY SPARKLE.
COUNTESS ARETHUSA VON DAFFODIL.
COUNTESS MIGNONETTE FLEUR DE LIS.
LUMMITUM, *Prince of Hoky Poky.*
LORD DIZZY.
LORD ASPHALT.
LORD CINNAMON.
LORD FLIM FLAM.
Lords, Ladies, Dancers, Heralds, etc.

SCENE.—*The Kingdom of Hoky Poky.*



CINDERELLA.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The home of LADY ALLSPICE. A boudoir.* LADY ALLSPICE, ARABELLA and CLARISSA are dressing for the ball.

LADY ALLSPICE.

I need not impress it upon you again, dear daughters, how important this night will prove to you. It was under just such conditions as these that I saw and captured your poor, dear father. (Sighing.) Perhaps it is the memory of that night that gives me my feeling of anxiety for you. Girls are not as they used to be in my day. They lack the innocence, the artlessness, the blushing modesty so attractive in men's eyes.

ARABELLA.

That might have answered very well thirty years ago, when simple lords were plentiful enough. But to-night a prince is the prize, and the modest violet who goes into the

corner to blush may as well remain at home, for she is likely to spend her life there.

CLARISSA.

There is no great harm in blushing, either, if you only stand well up in front while you blush.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Of course, my dears, I do not assume that any daughters of mine will be hidden away in corners, and I cannot believe that wherever my darlings may be the prince will not discover them. At the same time you are right, Clarissa; a little coyness or timidity of manner is a great virtue only when it is prominently exhibited. By all means stand well up in front.

CLARISSA.

(*Pettishly.*) At this rate we shall not stand anywhere. (*Calling.*) Cinderella! Where is that lazy little thing?

ARABELLA.

I have looked for her everywhere. (*Going to the door and calling.*) Cinder-ella! Cinders! Cinders! Cinder-ella! Where do you suppose the exasperating creature is?

ALL.

Cinder-ella! Cinder-ella!

CINDERELLA.

(*From without.*) I'm coming just as fast as I can. (*Enters out of breath. Her clothing is in tatters.*) Here I am.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Oh, you're here at last, are you? A pretty time you've kept us waiting. I'd like to box your ears.

CLARISSA.

It would serve her right and give her a lesson in the art of attending to business. She is so lazy.

CINDERELLA.

I am very sorry, but I was busy kneading the bread for fear it would fall.

ARABELLA.

Oh, you were kneading the bread! (*Sneeringly.*) Well, now we need you. Run and fetch my cobweb handkerchief from my lace box.

CLARISSA.

And, Cinderella, bring my wrap. Don't

stand there like a fool. Be off! (CINDERELLA starts.)

LADY ALLSPICE.

Cinderella, get the large rug from the top shelf in the attic. And don't you dare upset the other things. Well, why don't you run? Are you going to keep us here all night? (Exit CINDERELLA.)

CLARISSA.

There are times when I really hate that girl, with that insulting way she has of trying to look sorrowful and abused. And those little hands and feet of hers! Ugh, the impudent creature!

LADY ALLSPICE.

Well, I'm sure she doesn't begin to have your complexion, Clarissa. How do you like this ornament in my hair, girls?

ARABELLA.

Clarissa, for heaven's sake don't stand before that mirror all night. Give me a chance.

CLARISSA.

Give you a chance, indeed! Come, I like that. As if you haven't been standing before the glass all day, smiling at yourself and prac-

ticing for the prince. No, thank you, I'll stand here as long as I like.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*Aside.*) The dear girls! How full of spirited rivalry they are! (*Aloud.*) Come, my darlings, don't excite yourselves. A little temper is not bad for color, perhaps, but don't go too far. Remember you must look beautiful to-night.

(CINDERELLA enters staggering under the rugs and wraps. All cry out.)

ARABELLA.

Here, Cinderella, button my shoes.

CLARISSA.

Get my gloves.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Fasten my wraps. Do you hear?

ARABELLA.

Come here, Cinderella, and fix my hair. You did not wash it properly yesterday and I can do nothing with it.

CLARISSA.

She never does anything right. I should think a girl with such a pleasant and com-

fortable home would at least try to please her family.

LADY ALLSPICE.

I sometimes think that Cinderella does not half appreciate all I do for her.

CINDERELLA.

(Earnestly.) Indeed I do, madam, indeed I do.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(Magnanimously.) Well, perhaps you do, though your laziness is very trying. Now run out and see if the coach is ready. (Exit CINDERELLA.) I must not keep the prince waiting to see my two beautiful daughters. I am sure he will be completely charmed. Who knows?—I may be mother to a princess.

CLARISSA.

Depend on it, I'll do all I can to gratify your ambition.

ARABELLA.

Have no fears of me.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(Enthusiastically.) You are such dear, delightful girls! (Kisses them.)

CLARISSA.

(*Angrily.*) Do be careful, mother. Don't be so vulgarly emotional. Don't you see that you have spoiled the rouge on my cheeks?

CINDERELLA.

(*Entering.*) The coach is ready, madam.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Come, girls, we must hasten away. Now, Arabella, as a final test, make your bow as I taught you, so that the prince may notice and commend your exquisite grace. (ARABELLA bows before her mother.) Now, Clarissa. Just a little lower, Clarissa. I wish the prince to see that curve of your neck; it is simply entrancing! (To CINDERELLA.) Cinderella, be sure to—now, what on earth is the matter with you? What are you snivelling about?

CINDERELLA.

(*Who has been softly crying.*) Oh, please, madam, I should like so much to go to the ball.

LADY ALLSPICE.

You! Mercy sakes!

CLARISSA.

Well, did you ever hear anything like that!

ARABELLA.

It takes my breath away.

LADY ALLSPICE.

You wish to go to the ball? I never heard such impertinence in my life. Have I clothed and educated you to be repaid with such insolence? Go and sit in the cinders!

ARABELLA.

Cinderella, you are growing entirely too presumptuous. Simply because we allow you to wait on us and to have the benefit of the instruction our society gives at such times, it does not follow that you may think it possible for an instant that you can be elevated to our social plane.

CLARISSA.

Aren't you ashamed of yourself? A nice fright you would be at the ball with your rumpled hair and shocking clothes. Bah! It disgusts me to look at you. (CINDERELLA *sits by the fire weeping.*)

LADY ALLSPICE.

Now, don't you stir from that fireplace while we are away. And see to it that it is nice and warm when we come back, for we shall be tired and cold. (*Exit.*)

ARABELLA.

(*Laughing derisively.*) Clarissa, look at Cinderella. Wouldn't she be a beautiful sight at a ball?

CLARISSA.

The prince would fall down to worship her, I am sure. Think of her as a princess.

BOTH.

(*Bowing mockingly.*) Good-night, my Lady Cinders! Good-night, *Princess* Cinderella! (*They go out laughing.*)

SCENE II.

The same. CINDERELLA sits as before, drying her eyes.

CINDERELLA.

And this is all the thanks I get for trying so hard to please them. Oh, dear, I am so unhappy! I scrub and sew and bake and run on errands—all for the pleasure of living in this

"comfortable home" and (*mournfully*) wearing these beautiful clothes. Why should my sisters have all the good times? I sometimes think I should like to dance myself. If my dear father had only lived and if I had a mother of my own I should be very happy. Why couldn't they let me go to the ball? How I should like to see a real prince. I know that he must be lovely and wears magnificent clothes and speaks in a low, soft voice. If I were rich I suppose it would be easy to go to court, and perhaps if I had a fine dress and plenty of jewels he would marry me, just as they do in the fairy stories where the fairy god-mother comes along just in time. Oh, dear, I wish I had a fairy god-mother! (*The FAIRY GOD-MOTHER enters.*)

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

And so you have, Cinderella, but as you never called on me before I fancied you did not care to see me.

CINDERELLA.

(*Jumping to her feet.*) Madam—I—oh, how you scared me! Are you—are you a fairy and my god-mother?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

(*Smiling.*) Yes, my dear, I found you fast asleep one beautiful moonlight night, curled up inside a wild rose blossom. You looked so sweet and pretty that I stole you away from fairy-land and brought you to your mother, for she was good and beautiful and kind to the poor, and I knew you would make her happy.

CINDERELLA.

(*Looking at her torn gown.*) And was I ever sweet and pretty? My, but that must have been a long time ago! Why, then, did my mother die and leave me all alone?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

That was the work of the evil fairies, for you must know that there are wicked fairies as well as wicked people. When the Wild Rose fairy discovered that I had stolen the prettiest little baby elf she called her sisters together to plan revenge. Their queen decreed that you should be left alone to suffer, since they knew that as you suffered so must I, for I was devoted to you and could help you only when you called me.

CINDERELLA.

Dear fairy god-mother, it is a great pity I did not know this long ago, for I should have not kept you waiting.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Never mind; we have come together at last. And so you wish to go to the ball?

CINDERELLA.

(Enthusiastically.) I am crazy to go.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Very well, you shall go.

CINDERELLA.

(Doubtfully.) But how can I? This is the only party dress I have, and I don't care to go to wash dishes.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

(Smiling.) My dear, you forget that I am a fairy. Leave it all to me. I shall do everything for you. But you must promise me one thing, and that is, that at the stroke of twelve, no matter where you are or with whom you may be talking or dancing, you will leave

the place instantly and come home. If you do not the consequences will be terrible.

CINDERELLA.

(Reflecting.) At twelve the supper will not be over and the cotillion will not have begun. *(Sighing.)* It will be so hard to miss the supper. *(Aloud.)* I promise, dear godmother; only try me.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Very well. You shall be dressed in the finest robes that the fairies can make. Your jewels shall be the dew-drops taken from the wild flowers of the woods. Your laces shall be the cobwebs spun by the gold and silver spiders. Your slippers shall be made of crystallized spray from the fountain. No fairy will be more beautiful than you. I will give you all these things if you will keep your promise.

CINDERELLA.

(Kissing her hand.) I will; indeed I will.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Very well, my dear. Run out into the garden and find the largest pumpkin growing there.

CINDERELLA.

I know where there is an immense pumpkin, but it is too large for me to carry.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Let us go out together. (*They pass out of the room and return in a moment, CINDERELLA dancing with joy.*)

CINDERELLA.

Oh, god-mother, how did you do it? Such a gorgeous golden coach.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

(*Going to the window.*) What are in the cage yonder?

CINDERELLA.

Ugh, those are rats! (*Jumping on a chair.*) The horrid things! (*The FAIRY waves her wand and CINDERELLA runs to the window.*) Why, no! (*Rubs her eyes.*) They are horses. The dear little things! What lovely white manes and tails!

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

And those lizards under the window. We have need of them. (*Waves her wand.*)

CINDERELLA.

Oh, what funny little green men!

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Those, my dear, are your coachmen and footmen. (CINDERELLA *claps her hands and dances around the room.*) And now for yourself, Cinderella. You can hardly expect to go to a ball in these rags.

CINDERELLA.

(*Soberly.*) That's what Arabella said.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

We shall show her that fine feathers do not always make fine birds. If you had been as disagreeable and ill-tempered as she I might have left you in your rags. (Waves her wand over CINDERELLA. Her apron falls off disclosing a beautiful ball dress.)

CINDERELLA.

(*Bewildered.*) Oh; god-mother, is this really mine? It is too lovely. I know I must look beautiful! (Runs and poses before the mirror.) Indeed, I am prettier than Arabella or Clarissa.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Be careful not to admire yourself too much.

CINDERELLA.

(*Pleadingly.*) Oh, god-mother, it is such a new experience, and I never had the courage before. (*Renews her posing.*)

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

(*Smiling.*) But it is growing late.

CINDERELLA.

Come, then, let us hurry to the ball. I am just dying to see the prince.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

You are to be known as the Princess Angelina Florentina Seraphina Tosca. Remember you are not to stop a minute after the clock strikes twelve, or your coach and attendants will vanish, your dress will fall to rags and you will be humiliated before the prince, your family and the court. Now, off with you, and be the happiest and most beautiful of princesses.

(CINDERELLA again kisses the FAIRY's hand and dances to the door, throwing kisses as she

disappears. The FAIRY goes to the window and slowly waves her wand.)

CURTAIN.



ACT II.

SCENE. — *The ballroom at the palace. The QUEEN is seated on a throne, PRINCE LUMMITUM at her side, LADY DAZZLE, LADY SPARKLE, LORD DIZZY, LORD ASPHALT, LORD FLIM FLAM, courtiers, etc.*

QUEEN.

What is the matter, prince? You seem to be little interested in the festivities that have been planned in your honor and for your pleasure.

PRINCE.

(*Yawning.*) It is all a bore, your majesty ; the same old faces and the same old set speeches. Society at court is like society elsewhere, only it is a little more nauseating. The men smirk and the women simper, and if you have the misfortune to be a prince you must endure more than your share of it. The entertainment wearies me.

QUEEN.

All the guests have not arrived. Somebody may yet come to revive your spirits.

PRINCE.

Impossible. I know every woman of family, rank and gentle blood in the kingdom. The case is hopeless.

(*The herald announces: "LADY ALLSPICE! The Hon. ARABELLA ALLSPICE! The Hon. CLARISSA ALLSPICE!" The ladies advance slowly to the throne and bow before the QUEEN, then mingle with the guests.*)

QUEEN.

What charming ladies! Did you not notice them?

PRINCE.

(*Indifferently.*) Yes, I saw them.

QUEEN.

And you admired them?

PRINCE.

I did not think much of them.

QUEEN.

But you surely observed the younger?

PRINCE.

Yes, she squints. And I do not like the color of the other's hair.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Arabella, dear, what a beautiful palace this is. And to think that some day you may be its mistress. (*Sighs.*) Ah, it will be a great blow to lose either of you, but I have always been a self-sacrificing mother.

LORD FLIM FLAM.

(*Aside to LADY SPARKLE.*) I should not like to run the risk of inflicting the blow.

LADY SPARKLE.

They always seemed to me like very common people.

CLARISSA.

Did you notice, mother, how the prince stared at me as I passed him? If I should marry him I should insist upon sitting on the throne in place of that old woman.

ARABELLA.

I should insist on that before I married him.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*Clutching CLARISSA and motioning toward the entrance to the ballroom.*) Look, girls; who is she?

(*The herald announces: "The PRINCESS ANGELINA FLORENTINA SERAPHINA TOSCA! The COUNTESS ARETHUSA VON DAFFODIL! The COUNTESS MIGNONETTE FLEUR DE LIS!" CINDERELLA enters and slowly approaches the throne, her train borne by two little countesses. As she bows to the QUEEN and passes the PRINCE a buzz of curiosity and astonishment goes round the hall.*)

ARABELLA.

I wonder who she is.

CLARISSA.

Well, I cannot say I fancy her. Did you see the bold way in which she looked at the prince?

LADY ALLSPICE.

Girls, I insist that you shall have nothing to do with this person. She is a designing creature.

CLARISSA.

(*Still gazing at CINDERELLA.*) Her gown is certainly gorgeous.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Altogether too elaborate for one of her years. Yours, Clarissa, is much more appropriate to your youth and beauty.

LORD DIZZY.

(*To LORD ASPHALT.*) Well, this is a sensation. Her majesty must look to her son or the unknown will entrap him. She is certainly stunning.

LORD ASPHALT.

And we are stunned. (*To LADY DAZZLE.*) I'll lay you a wager, my lady, that the prince is the first victim of this wonderful princess.

LADY DAZZLE.

(*Disdainfully.*) And I should lose if I accepted it, for, see, he is coming down to greet her.

PRINCE.

(*Approaching and taking CINDERELLA by the hand and leading her to the center of the stage.*) And will you not tell me who you are, though I see you are a princess born?

CINDERELLA.

Alas, your highness, must I confess that I am one of your lowliest subjects?

LORD CINNAMON.

(*Aside to LORD FLIM FLAM.*) That's what the princess always says in the fairy books.

PRINCE.

(*Gravely.*) I see you are making sport of me, lady, but I am the master here, and as such you must accept me as your cavalier. (*CINDERELLA laughs saucily and tosses her head.*) Shall we dance the minuet?

CINDERELLA.

If it pleases your highness.

(*The PRINCE and CINDERELLA lead off in the minuet, the lords and ladies joining. At the conclusion of the dance the PRINCE leads CINDERELLA to a seat near the throne, and the center of the stage is cleared for such fancy dances and incidental features as may lie in the range of the talent of the company. The minuet is again played.*)

PRINCE.

(*Animatedly.*) Come, princess, one who dances so divinely should not sit idle. We are wasting time.

(*CINDERELLA laughs and accepts the PRINCE'S arm. As they pass ARABELLA, CINDERELLA*

purposely drops her fan. ARABELLA humbly picks it up and hands it to the PRINCE, who receives it without acknowledgment and presents it to CINDERELLA. CINDERELLA smiles and bows and gives a patronizing nod to ARABELLA. The minuet is resumed. As they are dancing the bell begins to toll for midnight. CINDERELLA starts and listens. At the last stroke of the bell she breaks hurriedly away from the PRINCE, who vainly endeavors to detain her, and rushes from the room. In her flight she drops her slipper. The curtain falls. Tableau. As the curtain rises the PRINCE is kneeling in the center of the stage gazing at the slipper he holds in his hand. The lords and ladies are grouped around him looking on in wonder.)

CURTAIN.



ACT III.

SCENE.—*The drawing-room at the house of LADY ALLSPICE. A high tea is in progress. ARABELLA sits at an old-fashioned tea-table. CLARISSA is serving tea to the ladies of the court.*

ARABELLA.

Well, girls, who is she? Plainly not one of our set. Did you ever see a more undignified flight? That manner of leaving a ball-room is a new wrinkle in court etiquette.

LADY SPARKLE.

It certainly was a new idea in the trick of the vanishing lady. When the attendants were called in and questioned they could only say that a poor beggar girl had run down the steps.

LADY DAZZLE.

I must admit that she was the most beautiful creature I ever saw.

CLARISSA.

(With affected surprise.) Do you really think so? I thought she was quite common looking. And her hair was horrid.

ARABELLA.

She carried herself dreadfully.

LADY SPARKLE.

And she was so bold with the men.

LADY ALLSPICE.

To think, my dears, that she should have

come to court uninvited and without a chaperon! You may well believe I took immediate steps to call the attention of our gracious queen to this impropriety.

LADY DAZZLE.

Yet they do say that the prince is quite distracted on her account, and that he has admitted to her majesty that the unknown princess encouraged his advances.

ALL.

Oh, the shameful thing!

(*The ladies flutter their fans indignantly. The sound of a mandolin, or guitar, is heard without, and then a woman's voice singing a love song. The ladies listen intently, LADY ALLSPICE and her daughters showing signs of annoyance.*)

LADY ALLSPICE.

I hope you will overlook this vulgar exhibition. Our maid has chosen an unfortunate time for her musical exercises.

LADY DAZZLE.

Your maid sings remarkably well. Perhaps she is another princess in disguise.

(*A knock is heard at the door as the ladies are*

still laughing at LADY DAZZLE's sally. LORD CINNAMON and LORD FLIM FLAM enter.)

LORD FLIM FLAM.

Good afternoon, ladies, to you all.

LADY SPARKLE.

(Eagerly.) Oh, Lord Flim Flam, have they found her?

LADY DAZZLE.

What is the news at court?

ARABELLA.

Has the prince recovered from his disappointment?

CLARISSA.

What does her majesty say?

LORD FLIM FLAM.

We have come for the express purpose of answering all these questions if you will give us time. In the first place, they have not found her. Secondly, there is no startling news at court. Thirdly, the prince is in a bad temper, and, fourthly, her majesty, like a great sovereign and a wise mother, says nothing. Is there anything more?

ALL.

(*Turning away disappointed.*) Nothing.

LORD FLIM FLAM.

Then I'll tell you something. The court herald is making the rounds proclaiming in the name of the prince that whomever the lost slipper fits, that person, lady or menial, will the prince marry and ask no questions.

(*The ladies cry out in astonishment.*)

LORD CINNAMON.

Yes, and more than that, the prince and two of his suite are going from house to house, trying the slipper on every lady who was at the ball last night, or who in any way resembles the mysterious princess.

ALL.

How perfectly lovely!

ARABELLA.

(*Aside, and looking at her foot.*) I wish he would come here.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Has he called at your house, Lady Sparkle?

LADY SPARKLE.

No; and if he did I should not allow him to fit the slipper. I do not think it would be proper.

CLARISSA.

(*To ARABELLA.*) Of course not; look at her feet.

ARABELLA.

Poor thing; but let us not forget that she is our guest.

LORD CINNAMON.

(*Calmly.*) And I forgot to add that the prince is coming here, and that you may look for him any moment. (*Going to the window.*) Ah, here he is.

ALL.

For mercy's sake!

(*The ladies rush to the window, then to the mirrors, smoothing their hair and gowns. Three blows from the herald's mace announce the arrival of the royal party.*)

HERALD.

(*From without.*) His royal highness, Prince Lummitum! Open, in the queen's name, to the heir apparent!

(*The PRINCE enters with LORD DIZZY and LORD ASPHALT. LORD DIZZY bears a cushion on which is the slipper. All the lords and ladies present make low bows.*)

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*Aside to her daughters.*) Now, Clarissa, my dear, remember this is your last chance. And, Arabella, do make your foot go into that slipper. Curl your toes under; hold your breath—do anything—but be sure to get that slipper on. Oh, dear, I am so nervous!

PRINCE.

(*To LADY ALLSPICE.*) Lady Allspice doubtless knows the reason of my coming. I have searched all day and everywhere for the wearer of this little slipper, but without success. Until I find her life is without pleasure, without hope. Your two daughters, I understand, were at the ball last night. Perhaps in one of them fortune will reward my efforts.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*Obsequiously.*) I feel sure, your highness, that you will find happiness here. My two daughters have such tiny feet that my only

fear is that the slipper will prove too large.
Come, Arabella, my darling.

ARABELLA.

(*Aside.*) My heart is going like a dinner gong.

(*LORD FLIM FLAM leads ARABELLA to a chair and LORD DIZZY endeavors to fit the slipper. ARABELLA wriggles and vainly attempts to squeeze her foot into the narrow shoe.*)

LORD DIZZY.

(*With mock gravity.*) Are shoe horns barred, your majesty?

PRINCE.

It is useless; the slipper is much too small. Furthermore, you do not in the least resemble my princess.

(*ARABELLA flounces from the chair in anger, and all the ladies titter.*)

LADY ALLSPICE.

My daughter, Clarissa, your highness.

PRINCE.

Ah, well, I suppose we must give her a chance.

(LORD CINNAMON conducts CLARISSA to the chair and the same scene is enacted while the company turns aside to conceal its laughter.)

PRINCE.

Oh, pray, stop; you will burst either the shoe or a blood vessel.

CLARISSA.

(Leaving the chair in anger.) Nobody can wear that doll's shoe.

PRINCE.

(Turning to his attendants and sighing.) Am I never to have my heart's desire? Must all my labor and anxiety count for nothing?

(The girl's voice is heard from without, repeating the song to the guitar accompaniment. The PRINCE listens in amazement; the ladies exchange glances.)

LORD DIZZY.

(To the PRINCE, who is standing lost in thought.) Will your highness return to the castle?

PRINCE.

(Suddenly to LADY ALLSPICE.) What voice is that?

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*With vexation.*) Oh, that, your highness, is Cinderella.

PRINCE.

And who, pray, is Cinderella?

LADY ALLSPICE.

A mere nobody, your highness; a dependent of ours, a cinders maid who looks after the fires.

(*The voice breaks in again, singing the refrain of the love song.*)

PRINCE.

(*Aside.*) How strangely that voice has moved me. (To his attendants.) Bring the girl in.

(*LORD DIZZY and LORD ASPHALT go out and return with CINDERELLA, clad as in the first act. She starts as she sees the PRINCE and drops the two sticks of wood she is carrying. The PRINCE also is greatly moved.*)

PRINCE.

(*Aside.*) It cannot be! It is impossible! Yet I could almost swear to those eyes!

LORD ASPHALT.

(*Jestingly.*) Shall we try on the slipper, your highness? (*Everybody laughs.*)

LORD CINNAMON.

By all means, your highness. Do not deprive the company of a little amusement.

PRINCE.

(*Gravely.*) I see no reason for denying to this girl what has been granted to others. My royal word has been pledged alike to lady and menial.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Oh, your highness, she could never wear the slipper! Her foot is so large that I cannot get shoes big enough for her. (*After a pause.*) That's why she goes barefooted.

PRINCE.

(*Impatiently.*) Try on the slipper, Lord Dizzy.

(*CINDERELLA is led by LORD ASPHALT to the chair. The ladies crowd laughingly around and the PRINCE walks moodily to the window.*)

LORD DIZZY.

(*Springing to his feet.*) It fits, your highness!

(All cry out in astonishment. LADY ALL-SPICE falls in a half faint in the arms of LORD CINNAMON. The PRINCE rushes to CINDERELLA, who smilingly holds out her arms to him. He kneels at her feet and kisses her hand. The stage is darkened for an instant. When the lights are turned on the PRINCE is still kneeling, holding CINDERELLA'S hand. CINDERELLA'S rags have fallen off and she appears in her ball dress. The company is grouped respectfully around the chair, at the back of which stands the FAIRY GOD-MOTHER, waving her wand.)

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

This is a true and proper termination
Of love affairs of every rank and station;
That, howsoe'er luck seems unkind and chary.
Consistent good behavior brings its fairy.
Ill-temper finds its type in Arabella,
Triumphant virtue in our Cinderella.
Take then these types; I freely give them to
you;
And fondly hope that much good they may
do you.

*(The company warningly holds up a forefinger
as if to remind the FAIRY of something forgotten.)*

Ah, wait a moment; by this little token
I do recall our epilogue's unspoken.
I feel much better for the moral; don't you?
So pray excuse us just a moment; won't
you?

*(The FAIRY allows the wand to fall gently
over the PRINCE and CINDERELLA. Tableau.)*

CURTAIN.

EPILOGUE.

(The company is grouped around the stage in a semicircle; lords on one side and ladies on the other. The QUEEN is enthroned at the rear of the stage.)

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

The custom is in comedies of note
To ask the hearers for a friendly vote.
And I perceive that you are all agog
To get our notion of an epilogue.
Dear me! I really don't know what to say.
Believe me this is not the fairy way.
Although some story tellers have conveyed
A wrong idea as to our stock in trade;
And have depicted us in book and card
Delivering moral lectures by the yard;
We can't make speeches—leastwise not in
rhyme;
And surely not against the call of—

ALL.

Time!

LADY DAZZLE.

I thought that woman never would get through.
I think she's simply horrid—there, don't you?

I never could abide these things with wings
That sit in fairy-land and pull the strings,
And marry off our princes out of spite,
Without affording us a chance to fight.

LORD FLIM FLAM.

Stop, Lady Dazzle, you are going too far.
Our friends in front are shocked; I'm sure
they are.
Remember we are noble born, not churls.

LADY DAZZLE.

Well, that's what we subscribe to, don't we,
girls?

(*Ladies nod and murmur assent.*)

LADY ALLSPICE.

Without indorsing Lady Dazzle quite,
I must say this has been a trying night.
Mothers will sympathize with me I know.
To marry off the wrong girl is a blow.
My nervous system has had such a wrench;
'Twas not *en règle*, as we say in French.
Surely I may expect an early rush
For my remaining lambkins—

ARABELLA and CLARISSA.

Mamma, hush!..

ARABELLA.

I know that I shall never marry, since
I can be only sister to a prince.
Or, rather, he will be a brother—say,
Girls, how I hate to put it in that way!

CLARISSA.

(*Dramatically.*) “Far from the madding
crowd’s ignoble strife—”

LORD CINNAMON.

Oh, come off!

LADY SPARKLE.

Did you ever in your life!

CLARISSA.

In some dark cavern or secluded grot,
Where siren tongue of prince invadeth not,
I, too, shall lead a life from man apart,
Far from the snares that trap a woman’s heart,
And the fierce light that beats upon a throne—

LORD ASPHALT.

That’s a good line; I’ll bet it’s not her own.

CLARISSA.

There I shall live, and in my secret den
Revile the memory of these odious men.

CINDERELLA.

Patience, dear sisters, all will come out straight.

You both are young and can afford to wait.

I waited many weary seasons through,
And under adverse circumstances, too.

PRINCE.

(*Taking her hand.*)

Ay, that you did, dear Cinderella mine.
The mills grind slowly, but the mills grind fine.
The finest thing they ever ground by far
Was little Cinderella—

CHORUS OF LORDS.

Right you are!

QUEEN.

(*Descending.*) Oh, as to that—

LORD DIZZY.

Silence! Let all obey!

The queen of Hoky Poky comes this way.
And when she opens up her august lips
Huge chunks of wisdom fall in royal tips.

QUEEN.

I was about to say that in our court
Beauty is most decidedly my forte.

(*All whistle softly and incredulously.*)
A tribute you'll admit I quite deserve.

COUNTESS FLEUR DE LIS.

Well, did you ever hear such royal nerve!

QUEEN.

You've sat good-humoredly the evening thro':
Do you not feel repaid? I'm sure you do.
Methinks I hear you say, what style! what
grace!

What perfect figures and what charms of
face!

How dainty are the dances they pursue—

LADY SPARKLE.

Hold on, your majesty, that is my cue.

(*LADY SPARKLE dances to the front of the stage
and is pursued and brought back by the lords.*)

QUEEN.

Of maiden modesty you've had your fill.

COUNTESS VON DAFFODIL.

That's one for me, Countess von Daffodil.

QUEEN.

But now I fear 'tis time to put a clog
On this, our very modest epilogue.

Do not be chary of your kind applause.
Why do we ask it? Oh, well, just because.
Good-night, good friends, the curtain now
unfurls;
Good-night to all.

LADIES.

(*Throwing kisses to lords.*) Good-night, boys!

LORDS.

(*Throwing kisses to ladies.*) Good-night, girls!

QUEEN.

Good-night, good-by. Oh, most affecting
scene!

LORD DIZZY.

Now all together, please.

ALL.

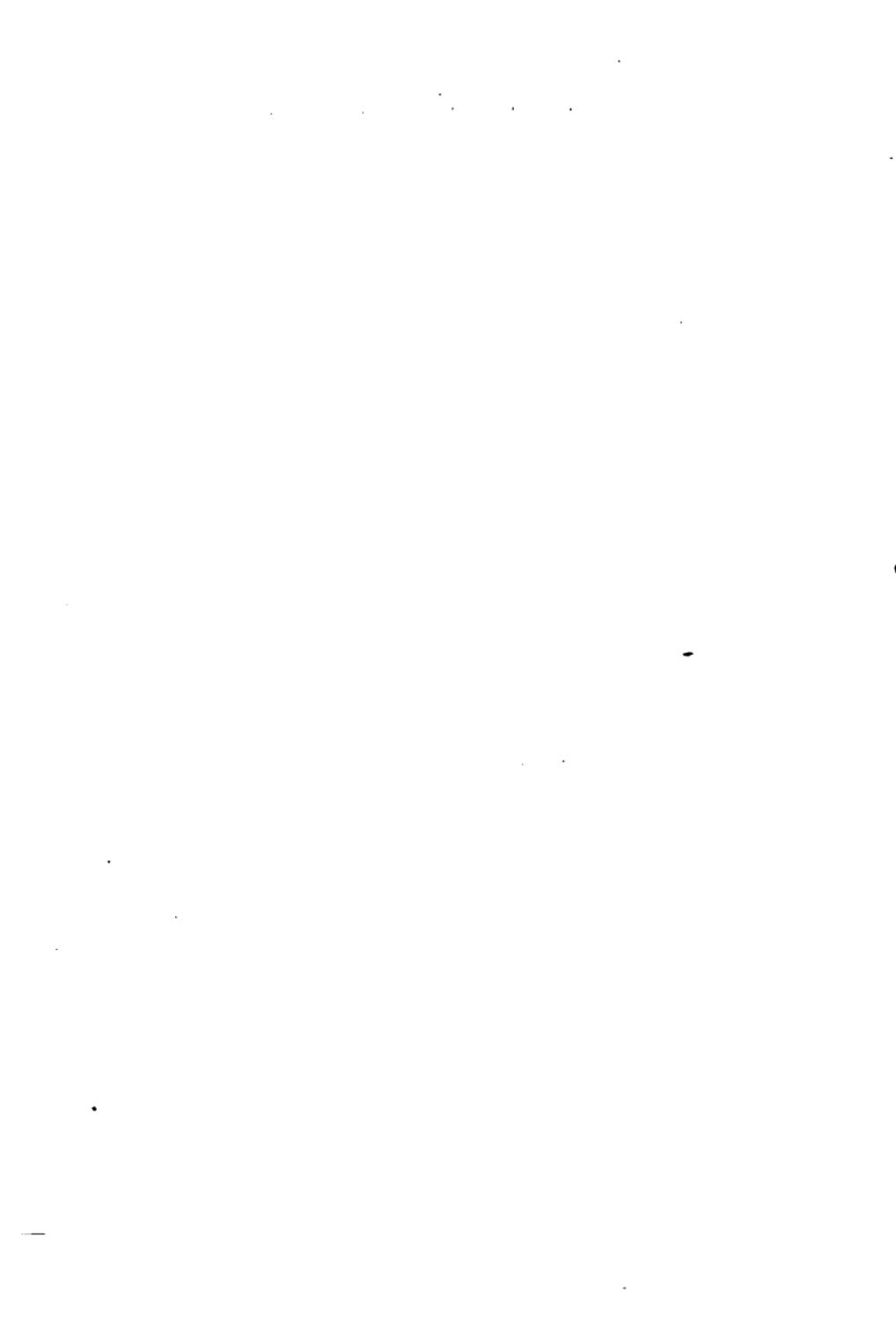
Long live the queen!

CURTAIN.



TROUBLE IN THE GARDEN.

**A HORTICULTURAL EPISODE IN THREE ACTS,
WITH LIVING PICTURES.**



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

KING OF JARDINIA.	QUEEN OF JARDINIA.
LADY POTATO.	LADY CORN.
LADY CABBAGE.	LADY GARLIC.
LADY TOMATO.	LADY KALE.
LADY RED PEPPER.	LADY RICE.
LADY TRUFFLES.	LADY BEET.
LADY GOBO	LADY PARSNIP.
LADY PUMPKIN.	LADY BEAN.
LADY EGG PLANT.	LADY CARROT.
LADY TURNIP.	LADY ONION.
LADY SQUASH.	LADY SWEET POTATO.

THE SCENE.—*In the first and third acts the scene is laid in the royal court of Kingdom of Jardinia. This should be made to resemble as closely as possible a vegetable garden. In fact what may be called the vegetable idea should be carried out to the fullest extent in the costuming, the construction of the throne, the insignia of royalty, and in every little detail of stage setting. The second act is wholly a series of tableaux or living pictures, and the stage is arranged accordingly.*



THE COSTUMING.

POTATO.—Brown hair; dark brown cheese-cloth or sheer stuff with white trimmings.

CORN.—Yellow tarlatan skirts, with light green strips of ribbon falling over them like the outer covering of an ear of corn. It should be represented by a blond child, wearing on her head a little yellow cap with a long yellow silk tassel.

CABBAGE.—Blonde; tarlatan skirts of two shades of green like cabbage leaves, very full and fluffy; waist of green with cabbage leaf for head-dress; green shoes and stockings.

GARLIC.—Blonde; short white satin skirt; white shoes and stockings; green satin waist the color of an onion top; cap with high peak of green satin.

TOMATO.—Brunette; crêpe de chine silk, shoes, stockings and cap all of red.

KALE.—Brown hair; full fluffy skirt of the palest shade of yellow-green, almost white:

overskirt of deeper shade of green tarlatan; waist of green tarlatan with full sleeves; white shoes and stockings.

RED PEPPER.—Brunette; bright scarlet satin with skirt and bodice trimmed with spangles; red stockings and gold slippers; scarlet hand-kerchief knotted around the head; Spanish jacket of scarlet satin.

RICE.—Blonde; white crinkled crépon or white tarlatan; white shoes and stockings. The Chinese costume should be here carried out.

TRUFFLES.—Brunette; black velveteen or satin skirt and bodice; black shoes and stockings; head ornaments of rhine-stones.

BEET.—Brunette; Oriental costume; long loose draperies of beet-red velveteen material; head and face draped in brownish green liberty silk or other sheer stuff, with only the eyes showing.

GOBO.—Brunette; distinctively Japanese costume.

PARSNIP.—White wig; costume of parsnip-colored cloth; skirt made long; green head-dress like the top of parsnip.

PUMPKIN.—Yellow hair; costume of yellow satin material; full long skirt; round waist and yellow cap.

BEAN.—Brown hair; costume of green material with white flower as head-dress.

ONION.—Light yellow hair; white satin short skirt; white shoes and stockings; light green satin bodice and tall peaked cap like an onion top.

SQUASH.—Blonde; yellow tarlatan; short and very full skirts; satin bodice; cap, shoes and stockings all of yellow.

SWEET POTATO.—Brown hair; yellow cheesecloth underskirt the color of a sweet potato, with draped over-dress of brown cheesecloth like the skin of a baked potato; brown bodice; tan shoes and stockings.

CARROT.—Red hair; long flowing robe of soft material the color of the carrot; head-dress of long green ostrich plumes.

EGG PLANT.—Brunette; skirt of dark plum-covered satin, egg plant shade, with slashed overskirt of green satin in points to imitate the vegetable; small green satin cap; green satin bodice.

TURNIP.—White wig; full skirt of white tarlatan, short as a ballet dancer's; white bodice of tarlatan with little head-dress of smilax.

The royal robes of the King and Queen, with all their headgear and ornaments, should be made to suggest a variety of vegetables, the kind and coloring to be left to the fancy of the impersonators.

TROUBLE IN THE GARDEN

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The royal court of Jardinia. The KING and QUEEN are seated on a throne, surrounded by the vegetable courtiers all clamoring to be heard. They jostle one another in great excitement and anger, exclaiming "I am," "You're not," etc.*

KING.

Here, here! Come now, silence! What's the meaning of all this uproar? Is our royal presence sacred, or have you a mistaken idea that you are one of us?

ALL.

Well, we want it distinctly understood which is the most—

KING.

Here, here, one at a time now. Do you think because we're a king we're a phonograph? Such conduct from cultivated vegetables is disgraceful.

POTATO.

That's just what's the matter, your majesty. They're all cultivated except me. I'm natural.

TRUFFLES.

Well, I'm glad you can at least lay claim to that distinction. You're common enough, goodness knows.

POTATO.

I may be common, but I'm not so low down that they have to send pigs to find me, Truffles.

KING.

Here now, no repartee in our royal presence. State your case as intelligently and as quietly as you can. Since this long-continued drouth your monarch has not been altogether himself. Cabbage, you shall tell us the cause of this trouble. We know that we can depend on your coolness and strength to give us the exact facts.

CABBAGE.

(*Stepping in front of the throne.*) It all happened this way, your majesty. It had been decided by the vegetables living in the government gardens to give a grand ball, to

which we were to ask the flowers residing in the conservatories near by. All the arrangements had been made and all was going off satisfactorily when the night of the ball arrived. The ballroom was beautifully decorated, the little stars were shining, and—

RICE.

(*Sneeringly.*) Listen to the old cabbage head, positively getting sentimental.

GARLIC.

It brings the tears to my eyes.

KING.

Silence, I say! Proceed, Cabbage.

CABBAGE.

As I was saying, your majesty, the night was perfect. All the guests had assembled and the music had begun the grand march, when a terrible uproar was heard and a fierce discussion followed concerning the right to lead. Each vegetable claimed the privilege by right of birth, family and social standing. I assure your majesty it was very shocking, as the gentlemen in their excitement came to

blows, leaving the lady flowers to get home as best they could unattended.

QUEEN.

Bless me; that was very rude.

TOMATO.

But they paid dearly for their rudeness, your majesty, for a challenge came next evening from Snap Dragon and Johnny Jump-up to Blood Beet and Turnip. It was accepted and a dreadful duel followed.

KING.

You alarm us. Was any blood shed?

CABBAGE.

Certainly not, your majesty. Who ever heard of blood coming from a turnip? It is an impossibility that has passed into a proverb.

QUEEN.

Was no one injured?

TOMATO.

Yes, your majesty. Both our friends are laid up in the hospital. To-day comes another challenge from Sweet William, the dude

of the Flower Kingdom. If this sort of thing keeps up, alas there will be none of us left; so we have come to you for arbitration.

QUEEN.

My liege, this is indeed an interesting case.

KING.

H-m, quite so. Our royal brain is sorely taxed. Let us think. (*Leans his head on his hand.*) Suppose that we command that each of you in turn shall present his claims to the honor of being the first vegetable in the land? The contest shall take place before us and the court here assembled. What do you say? Which of you will take the lead.

(*All rush clamoring to the throne.*)

KING.

Tut, tut; is this the result of our lessons in court etiquette? Get back there, all of you! Now, Cabbage, we'll hear from you. As for the rest of you, keep quiet or down you go into the royal kitchen and into the royal soup kettle.

(*The vegetables prostrate themselves before the throne; then assume reclining positions on the carpet.*)

CABBAGE.

Of course you know, your majesty, that I am German.

CARROT.

(*Surprised.*) Why, I thought she was Irish.

POTATO.

(*With scorn.*) Well, I guess not. I'm Irish.

CORN.

(*Shaking her finger at Potato.*) Oh, here now; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You know perfectly well that you are an American.

POTATO.

That will do, Corn. Go back on your cob!

KING.

Here, we're getting an overdose of this. (*Takes out his watch.*) If you're not back in your places in ten seconds we'll have an Irish stew for dinner to-day, and you'll be the principal part of the dish. (*The vegetables fall sullenly back.*) Proceed, Cabbage.

CABBAGE.

(*Looking defiantly around.*) As I remarked before, I am distinctively German.

TRUFFLES.

That isn't anything to brag about, goodness knows.

CABBAGE.

(*Angrily.*) Don't give me any of your Al-sace-Lorraine impudence!

KING.

Shut up, now, all of you!

CABBAGE.

As your majesty knows, I am the most dearly beloved vegetable in the entire German empire. In fact, I am the chief article of food and am eagerly sought after by rich and poor as a sanitary diet.

GARLIC.

I have my private opinion of a nation that lives on sauerkraut, and it isn't a flattering one.

CABBAGE.

(*Angrily.*) It doesn't matter what opinion you have, but it comes with very poor grace from a common Dago.

GARLIC.

(*Rushing up to CABBAGE.*) What's that?

KING.

Well, this is too much! Call in the cook! (*The QUEEN gestures imploringly.*) No, we'll give you one more chance. Next time you go into the tureen. Cabbage, sit down and we'll try somebody with less temper, even with less head. Come over here, Corn, and present your case.

CORN.

(*Advancing.*) It grieves me, your majesty, to take part in this disgraceful scene, coming as I do from a land of law and order. Yet, as my Uncle Sam used to say—

EGG PLANT.

There she goes with her Uncle Sam again. I'm so tired of hearing about him.

CARROT.

If I had only an uncle to brag about in the way of ancestors I'd keep still.

CORN.

That's all right. I want you to understand distinctly that I'm just as good as the rest of you, and I don't propose to let anybody walk over me. Remember that, Reddy!

TURNIP.

Whew! Hear the eagle scream!

CORN.

All right for you, Johnny Bull, and when she does scream you're the first one to hear her and get out of the way.

TURNIP.

Our fiery friend from America is pugnacious. Perhaps Sister Corn is a kernel.

(All laugh jeeringly.)

KING.

Now look here. We don't propose to sit up here and listen to any of your bad puns. The very next offender that trifles with our delicate royal appreciation of humor goes to the kitchen. And we are not going to have the Revolutionary War fought over in our presence. Proceed, Corn, and tell us what you have done for the benefit of the world.

CORN.

In my country, your majesty, I am called king—King Corn. I hold my court in every city of the United States, and palaces are built in my honor. In fact, I reign supreme.

POTATO.

You mean that you reign in a corner.

KING.

(*Doubtfully.*) In a corner? Well, I'll pass that one.

CORN.

(*To POTATO.*) That remark was prompted by jealousy, you miserable creature. You, too, might have been a power if you had stayed in your own country.

BEAN.

Then it is not true that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country?

TURNIP.

That depends upon the profit.

KING.

We presume that was intended for a joke contrary to the royal edict. Call the Lord High Scullion.

TURNIP.

Your majesty, I implore you, hold. It was no joke. P-r-o-p-h-e-t—prophet.

KING.

(*Doubtfully.*) H-m, we see. Well, we let you off, but don't come as close as that again.

TRUFFLES.

This is shocking to all sense of refinement.

RED PEPPER.

It does jar so on one's nerves.

EGG PLANT.

And, pray, what do you know about nerves?

TRUFFLES.

Oh, these parvenues; they are so tiresome!

RED PEPPER.

(*Going to the throne.*) I think, your majesty, that I have some claims, which, by their strength, entitle—

GARLIC.

Hold on, friend Pepper, that's where I come out strong.

ONION.

Go on, Sister Garlic, I'll back up your claims.

GARLIC.

All I have to say is, that if it comes to a

question of strength, I stand preëminent. I have lingering associations which it is impossible to forget.

SQUASH.

Yes, you may shatter the vase if you will—

ONION.

I presume that is intended for a sarcastic quotation, but I take no impudence from you, Squash, you fat, yellow-colored—

KING.

Now you're getting personal again. The very next lady that calls names goes to the dissecting table. Our royal patience is fast giving way.

QUEEN.

My liege, the gentle Lady Tomato appears ill.

TOMATO.

May it please your majesty, it is hard for me to keep cool under such distressing circumstances, and if I get overheated I spoil. I am very fragile and must be treated with great care.

BEAN.

(Ironically.) Poor little dear; it ought to be under a glass case.

TOMATO.

I wish I were, as it was there that I spent the happiest days of my childhood. This racket is repulsive to my sensitive feelings.

(A great turmoil ensues, all the vegetables mocking and jeering TOMATO. The QUEEN puts her hands to her ears and the KING pounds on the floor with his scepter and vainly commands silence. At last, throwing his crown and scepter at the quarrelers, he restores order.)

KING.

We may appear to you to have temporarily lost control of our royal temper. If so, we apologize. But if you will allow your monarch to say so, we do not appear to be making progress. We have a scheme that may settle all difficulties. Let us go in a body to the home of each lady here present and see for ourselves the claim which each possesses to be the head of the vegetable kingdom. And let it be understood that the vegetable which is of the greatest service to mankind shall have the award. So make ready to start. We meet in Italy, where Garlic will take us to the homes of the peasants and show us on

what her claims and those of her friend, the Lady Macaroni, are founded.

ALL.

Agreed! Agreed!

(*The KING and QUEEN arise and stand bowing right and left to their subjects, who press enthusiastically around the throne shouting "Long live the King! Long live the Queen!"*)

CURTAIN.



ACT II.

THE LIVING PICTURES.

In each tableau the vegetable in whose honor it is given stands in the background as the presiding genius. Where music is available the national air or characteristic songs of the countries should be played.

TABLEAU I.

GARLIC—ITALY.

Scene—A rustic canopy twined about with smilax, evergreen or other green foliage. Italian peasants in costume are sitting around

a rude board table, on which are placed a wickerwork bottle, glasses and a huge loaf of bread. Children are playing on the ground and the man of the house stands with a string of garlic in his hand, preparing to cut it.

TABLEAU II.

PARSNIPS—BRITTANY.

Fish-wives are sitting about in the peasant costume of Brittany, mending fish nets. A woman stands in the foreground, carrying on her head a large flat basket filled with parsnips. Fishermen are seen in the distance.

TABLEAU III.

BEETS—EGYPT.

Girls in gorgeous Oriental costumes are seated on benches draped in white in imitation of marble. A profusion of palms and burning incense enhance the effect. The girls assume indolent attitudes. A slave in the background holds a silver tray on which is a flat dish filled with beets.

TABLEAU IV.

CABBAGE—GERMANY.

A German house interior. The father and

mother are sitting at table in peasant costume, with children grouped about. In the center of the table is a huge dish of sauerkraut. Beer steins are at each plate.

TABLEAU V.

RICE—CHINA.

Boys dressed as Chinamen, of the laundry variety, are seated at a table eating with chop sticks from a bowl of rice. Irons, ironing-boards and other paraphernalia of the laundering art are scattered about. A Chinese fiddle is heard without.

TABLEAU VI.

TURNIP—ENGLAND.

The interior of a cottage with a rude table covered with a cloth, and in the center a large dish of steaming turnips and mugs of ale. The father, at the head of the table, is dressed to typify John Bull; the mother, opposite, is in English peasant costume. Children are grouped around.

TABLEAU VII.

RED PEPPER—SPAIN.

A garden scene. A girl in imitation of Car-

men is in dancing attitude. Boys as serenaders with guitars and mandolins are grouped about her. In the foreground stands a boy with a tray, in which are stuffed red peppers. He holds one out as if asking the group to buy.

TABLEAU VIII.

TOMATO—SOUTH AMERICA.

A tropical scene with moonlight effect. Little children with bare legs and arms and brown faces and black hair are grouped lazily around eating tomatoes. The tomato fairy stands guard over them.

TABLEAU IX.

KALE—RUSSIA.

A vegetable stall on the street or any kind of market garden that can be arranged in a manner distinctively Russian. The counter is piled up with kale or small cabbage made of different shades of green tissue paper, if the real article cannot be obtained. This tableau, as a market scene, affords opportunity for the introduction of many characters and much picturesque natural posing.

TABLEAU X.

GOBO—JAPAN.

A Japanese interior. Four girls in native costume are sitting on the floor eating from a low table. The gobo fairy stands back, presiding over the repast.

TABLEAU XI.

TRUFFLES—FRANCE.

A room artistically furnished and a supper table beautifully arranged with flowers, candelabra, silver, cut-glass, etc. Men and women in evening dress are seated around the table, apparently listening to a toast proposed by a man holding his glass in his hand. Lady Truffles waves her hand approvingly at the scene.

TABLEAU XII.

POTATO—IRELAND.

A room in a cottage wretched with poverty. A board table on which burns a single candle stuck in a bottle. A boy in rags sits at the table in an attitude of despair. A sick woman lies on a miserable bed, reaching out her

arms to rock a cradle, while little children in tatters lie on the floor.

Scene II—A girl stands at the door, holding out to the starving family a basket of potatoes. At sight of her all eagerly stretch out their hands. The Lady Potato looks sadly on.

TABLEAU XIII.

SWEET POTATO—SOUTHERN STATES.

A darky cabin with the table pushed against the wall. "Uncle" is seated on a stool smoking a corncob pipe and picking a banjo, while two little pickaninnies in ragged shirts and short trousers appear to be dancing. A fat "mammy" with a yellow turban around her head stands in the center of the picture with a large dish of sweet potatoes in her hands as if carrying them to the table.

TABLEAU XIV.

CORN—UNITED STATES.

"Uncle Sam" is giving a dinner party. He is seated at the head of the table and holds up a platter of ears of corn. The ladies Bean, Pumpkin, Squash and Sweet Potato are reaching out their plates. The ladies are

dressed in green and shades of yellow, according to the vegetables they represent. The Goddess of Liberty stands near the table with her hand laid approvingly on the Corn Fairy. "Yankee Doodle."



ACT III.

SCENE. — *As in first act. The KING and QUEEN are seated on the throne, and the vegetables are gathered around to hear the royal decision.*

KING.

It is indeed a very grievous fate
To be a critic and a potentate.
Most gladly would I this commission shirk,
Which shocks our royal notions touching
work.
Have we not heard somewhere that poets
sing,
"A little labor is a dangerous thing?"

CARROT.

Your majesty, you have not rightly heard;
Not "labor," "learning" is the proper word.

KING.

Well, let it go; don't split a hair too fine;
Neither is strictly in the royal line.
We thank you for the caution just the same.
In quoting we're perhaps a trifle lame.
And now for our award—h-m, let us see.
We did not know how awkward this would be.
Suppose we leave it to the royal cook?

ALL.

No, no!

BEAN.

How very stupid that would look!

KING.

Think so? Well, possibly it might seem
queer.

(Turning to the QUEEN.)

Now what on earth am I to do, my dear?

CABBAGE.

Will you permit your humble slave to state
I am surprised that you should hesitate?
Surely, my liege, you cannot have a qualm
In owning up that I bear off the palm.
By me our noble courtiers should be led.

ALL.

Tut, tut!

BEAN.

Hear, hear!

PARSNIP.

Go, Cabbage, soak your head!

KING.

That's slang, and slang's a capital offense.

PARSNIP.

I meant it in a culinary sense.

KING.

Oh, did you? We were fearful that you spoke
In breezy metaphor and vulgar joke.
Accept my thanks for the suggestion, and,
Cabbage, act on the counsel, understand?

GARLIC.

Your majesty, may I not now be heard?

RICE.

She's loud enough!

CORN.

Whew! Loud is not the word.

ONION.

I do submit, my liege, such talk as this

You and the queen may rightly take amiss.
My sister Garlic is incensed; what's more—

KING.

(*With surprise.*) Incensed? We never heard
of that before.

(*All laugh.*)

ONION.

I mean, your majesty, she's angry—mad.

KING.

Why don't you say, then, what you mean,
egad?

GOBO.

I think that I have qualities to please.
There's quite a craze, you know, for Japanese.
My name is easy to pronounce and spell;
And those who've tried me like me very well.

SQUASH.

Your majesty cannot approve a plan
To make us tag along behind Japan.
This craze she talks about is simply bosh.

ALL.

That's right!

BEAN.

She's hit it!

PARSNIP.

Good for Lady Squash!

TURNIP.

It's very plain, as all of you can see,
The logical conclusion points to me.
You've doubtless heard that England rules
the seas.

SWEET POTATO.

We have, but not that England runs the V's.
(*All laugh and applaud.*)

KING.

(*To the Queen.*) My dear, I think they meant
that for a jest.

QUEEN.

I really cannot say, love; you know best.

SWEET POTATO.

Perish the thought, your majesty, I pray,
That we should jest where royalty holds sway.

KING.

Perish no thought; just scatter the report
We wish no thought to perish in this court.

KALE.

Meanwhile, your majesty, I may remark

You still have left us groping in the dark.
I do not wish to hurry you, but—well—

KING.

(*Removing his crown and scratching his head.*)
That's so; who is it? Blest if we can tell.

TOMATO.

Let it be me, your majesty.

PUMPKIN.

No, me.

TRUFFLES.

Or if you cannot choose, sire, take us three.

KING.

Was ever monarch in this tangle seen?

CORN.

Then leave it to the queen, sire.

ALL.

Queen, the queen!

KING.

What say you, love, will you dare undertake
This task for your distracted hubby's sake?

(*Aside to the QUEEN.*)

You must, or they will mob us on the spot.
Be good and say you'd just as lief as not.

QUEEN.

I dread the task, but if I must, I must.
I'll try to be both generous and just.
And if I do not satisfy you still
I hope you'll hear me patiently.

ALL.

We will!

QUEEN.

You, Truffles, many times have won our
heart;
And you, Red Pepper, are exceeding smart.
We recognize the worth of Lady Rice,
And Gobo, too, is reasonably nice.
The Carrot helps the needy and forlorn,
And let us all acknowledge, too, the Corn.
The Onion has its virtues strong enough,
And Garlic is, colloquially, hot stuff.
I look on the Tomato when she's red,
And there's a good deal in a Cabbage head.
A bed of Squashes is a pleasant scene;
And, as the poet says, we might have Bean.

KING.

Come, come, my love, I really must protest.

QUEEN.

That was my first and worst, and only jest.

I had intended to remark the Beet,
When dead—

KING.

Stop, go no further, I entreat!

QUEEN.

Now there are others whom I like full well;
The Turnip for her aromatic smell,
The Sweet Potato, sometime called the Yam,
The Russian Kale, the Bean of Uncle Sam,
The Parsnip, which is not without her joys,
The Egg Plant, much beloved of little boys.
These are, forsooth, productive of delight,
And some have kept me wide awake at night.
Yet there is one among you here, dear friends,
Whose greater virtue greater merit lends.
And this I say in no disparagement
Of you of kindly deeds and good intent.
We've banqueted in many foreign lands,
In Russian snows, on Egypt's burning sands,
And noted well the comforts and delights
You've given to Mongolians and whites.
Yet I must say—you will indorse it, too—
The crown of merit falls to one of you,
Who, favored by the powerful and great,
In castle and in hall of lordly state,

Is ever mindful of the sorrowing poor,
And enters in the starving peasant's door.
Step forth, good sister, you have earned the
crown.

Potato owns the country and the town.

(*Great confusion among the vegetables. LADY POTATO comes forward and kneels before the throne.*)

KING.

(*To the QUEEN.*) A noble choice, accomplished without fuss!

(*To the court.*) Why, that's the girl that first occurred to us.

Here Carrot, Onion, run and fetch a crown,
And spread the news to all the folk in town!

(*LADY CARROT and LADY ONION go out and return with the crown, which the QUEEN receives and places on LADY POTATO's head. In the meantime the vegetables have recovered from their disappointment and enthusiastically surround the victor, waving their handkerchiefs and applauding the QUEEN. All the vegetables shower flowers upon LADY POTATO and the KING applauds with great spirit.*)

CURTAIN.

THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

**AN EXPLODED FAIRY TALE IN THREE BRIEF
ACTS.**



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

QUEEN OF HOKY POKY.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

LADY ALLSPICE, *the Gentle Stepmother.*

ARABELLA, *the Ideal Sister.*

CLARISSA, *a Sister Ideal.*

CINDERELLA, *the Exploded Phenomenon.*

LADY DAZZLE.

LADY SPARKLE.

COUNTESS ARETHUSA VON DAFFODIL.

COUNTESS MIGNONETTE FLEUR DE LIS.

LORD DIZZY.

LORD FLIM FLAM.

LORD CINNAMON.

LORD ASPHALT.

LUMMITUM, *Prince of Hoky Poky.*

Lords, Ladies, Page, Herald, etc.



THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The family sitting-room of the Allspice mansion. CINDERELLA, a young woman of massive proportions, is sitting comfortably in a rocking-chair reading. She closes the book with a disgusted air.*

CINDERELLA.

Well, if there is anything on earth that oppresses my brain it is these namby-pamby, long-suffering, good people. I'd like to see anybody walk over me—just once. (*A voice is heard calling from without: "Cinderella, my dear!"*) Oh, there is that dreadful old woman calling me again. (*Other voices call, "Cinders, dear, where are you?"*) I wonder what they want now. I hear them coming. (*Hides the book as her mother enters.*)

LADY ALLSPICE.

My dear little girl, are you here all alone? Why didn't you have Arabella come and read to you?

(ARABELLA and CLARISSA enter.)

CINDERELLA.

(As the girls come up and put their arms affectionately around her.) Oh, do go away! You know perfectly well how I hate to have anybody touch me, and how nervous it makes me!

CLARISSA.

I beg your pardon, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA.

Well, don't let it happen again. I've told you repeatedly that I loathe affection in any form. You and Arabella annoy me so with your everlasting petting and kissing. Moreover, it's exceedingly bad form.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Girls, I do wish you would be more attentive to Cinderella's wishes. It is really too bad that the poor girl should be so annoyed. Now hurry up and get ready for the ball.

CINDERELLA.

(Aside.) Nice looking frights they'll be at a ball. *(Rises and goes to the mirror to arrange her hair.)*

ARABELLA.

Dear Cinderella, I do so wish you would go to the ball.

CLARISSA.

Oh, do, Cinders, go in my place.

CINDERELLA.

Now look here! You girls are getting entirely too familiar. Just because my father had the singular misfortune to marry your mother it doesn't follow that I must suffer, too. It's all right about visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, but I draw the line at being called "Cinders." Hereafter, if you address me at all, you will please call me Cinderella Mabella St. Albans, my full name.

CLARISSA.

(Meekly.) Very well, dear, but I do wish you were coming with us.

LADY ALLSPICE.

So do I. Can you not be induced to change your mind?

CINDERELLA.

(Scornfully.) Certainly not. These large parties are altogether too mixed for me. (Re-

sumes her seat and looks at the girls as they stand at the mirror.) I hope you girls are not using any of my silver toilet articles. You know I am very particular about my gold manicure set also.

LADY ALLSPICE.

I don't believe, dear Cinderella Mabella, you are feeling very well. Can't we do something for you before we start? Here, Clarissa, stop your primping before that glass and run to the kitchen and make the dear child a strong cup of tea. Fly! I never saw such an exasperatingly slow girl in my life.

(Exit CLARISSA.)

CINDERELLA.

Yes; I think myself she is a bit exasperating.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(Rubbing CINDERELLA's head.) Arabella, run and get my new imported shawl for the poor child. She is quite cool and I am afraid she is taking cold.

(Exit ARABELLA.)

CINDERELLA.

Oh, dear, no, it's not that. You are all so

excited and fussy over this miserable ball that it disturbs my nerves. I wish you would hurry and get out.

CLARISSA.

(*Entering with the tea.*) Here, dear, is your tea. I made it myself.

CINDERELLA.

(*Tasting it.*) Well, it is needless to say it is the worst I ever drank. Take it back and ask the cook to make me some. Step-mother, get my smelling salts. Is that girl Arabella ever coming with that shawl.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Yes, dear, in just a second. (*Goes to the door and calls "Arabella! Arabella! you lazy child, do hurry up!"*)

ARABELLA.

(*Rushing in out of breath.*) Here it is, mother. I thought I should never find it. I am so sorry. (*Puts it tenderly around CINDERELLA.*)

CINDERELLA.

That's a frightfully unbecoming color to

me. Ugh! You people do have such execrable taste!

CLARISSA.

(Coming back with the tray.) I hope this will be better, dear. The cook made it.

CINDERELLA.

(Sipping it.) Where's the lemon? Oh, dear, I never saw such people! One can never have anything done in this house.

LADY ALLSPICE.

I'll get it, darling. (Exit with CLARISSA.)

CINDERELLA.

Where are the biscuits?

ARABELLA.

Oh, I am so sorry! I will get them. (Exit.)

CINDERELLA.

(Triumphantly.) That's the way to manage them; just give them an illustration of the power of mind over matter. I wonder if there will be any fun at that ball. Sometimes I feel half inclined to go. (As all come rushing in with the different things.) Never mind; I don't care for them now. If I can't have

things right away when I want them I don't care for them at all.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*Timidly.*) Do you think you could spare us, dear, for a few hours? We are all dressed, you see, to go to the ball, and we are an hour late now. If you really wish us to stay at home of course we will do so.

CINDERELLA.

Oh, go by all means. I shall appreciate the favor of your absence.

CLARISSA.

They say, Cinderella, that the young prince is the handsomest man in the kingdom.

CINDERELLA.

(*Yawning.*) Who say so? I hear he has red hair and freckles on his nose; bad form in all men and inexcusably vulgar in a prince.

CLARISSA.

Indeed it is not so. Lady Stephanotis, who is lady-in-waiting to the queen, was here this morning and she says he is the handsomest young fellow she ever saw.

LADY ALLSPICE.

I remember well when he was born. All the fairies in creation were invited to his christening. Consequently he was gifted by all of them.

CINDERELLA.

His appearance is a secondary matter. The thing to be considered is, has he money? And is he English? One naturally has to be suspicious of these princes.

CLARISSA.

Money? Why he has barrels of it. They say there is no limit to his wealth.

CINDERELLA.

(*Complacently.*) Has he a good social position. I should not like to compromise mine.

ARABELLA.

His social position is irreproachable. He has all the vices necessary to make him popular in his set and attractive to all the ladies of the court.

CINDERELLA.

(*Musing.*) Well, this ball may be worth going to after all.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Come, girls, the coach is waiting. Are you ready? Oh, dear, I wish you had Cinderella's beauty and sweetness of disposition; I might then feel certain that the prince would be attracted to you. Now remember all I told you. Think of Cinderella and try to copy her as much as possible. Au revoir, dear.

CINDERELLA.

(*As the ladies go out.*) Hurry up and shut that door. I feel a cold draft. Dear me, I'm glad they're gone. They are such uninteresting people. I think dear papa must have been hypnotized when he married into that family. And so Prince Lummitum is handsome and rich, and has all the laudable vices. Love in a cottage is a fallacy. I never was intended for a cottage; palaces are more in my line. Of what use is this wonderful beauty of mine if it is not to shine at court?

(*Goes over and seats herself at the mirror.*) That I am beautiful there can be no question. Such glorious eyes and lovely hair, with a complexion of roses and lilies. Yet, with all, so modest and unassuming. I sometimes

wonder that I can be so unconscious of such loveliness. (*Sighs.*) I wish I had a fairy god-mother. I need one for a particular purpose.

SCENE II.

CINDERELLA *as before.* A beautiful fairy appears in the room. CINDERELLA starts in affright.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Do not be alarmed, my child. You called for your fairy god-mother and here I am.

CINDERELLA.

What! You a fairy? Oh, come now; this is very amusing, but I'm no child. I've seen ballet dancers before.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Nevertheless I am a fairy and your god-mother.

CINDERELLA.

(*Incredulously.*) Really now, you don't expect me to believe in fairies?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Strange things happen on this planet, my dear. Your mother, while she

lived, did so much good to the poor and suffering ones of the earth that the fairies, learning of her goodness, became acquainted with her. They found that her mother had been a fairy and had married a mortal. For this she had been expelled from the fairy circle and compelled to live as a mortal. One fairy, however, remained faithful to her; it was I. When she died she left her baby in my care, and when that baby, who became your mother, died she left you in my care. I promised her that I would grant you every reasonable wish. You have never called on me until now. I am ready to do your bidding.

CINDERELLA.

Now this is indeed quite a pretty little fairy story. If you are the genuine article of fairy, get to work to help me.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

I see that you have much more of the mortal than the fairy in you. What is it you wish me to do?

CINDERELLA.

I think I shall go to the prince's ball. In

fact, I may marry him if he is so fortunate as to please me. Unluckily I have nothing to wear.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Oh, that is very easy to provide.

CINDERELLA.

Of course you understand I wish to have everything as elegant as possible. With fairies I presume money is no object.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Money? I do not know what it is. You will, of course, wish a coach and horses.

CINDERELLA.

Well, naturally.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

I will go into the garden and you may watch me from yonder window. First, I shall require some mice.

CINDERELLA.

I can't commend your taste, even if you are a fairy. You may find some mice, however, in the trap outside the cellar door.

(*The FAIRY goes out, and CINDERELLA, observing from the window, jumps back in surprise.*)

CINDERELLA.

Really, this is quite startling. I half suspect you are a fairy after all. Those are beautiful horses, but do crop their manes and tails. I can't abide horses with hair of that length. They may be the style in fairy-land but they won't do here.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Now for the coach. Where are the pumpkins?

CINDERELLA.

(*Calling from the window.*) Pumpkins? How ridiculous. They're in the garden, of course. Did you think they were here or in the drawing-room? (*Pausing a moment, then clapping her hands.*) Ah, there is something worth talking about! A gold coach studded with jewels. How my Lady Dazzle will open her green eyes. Oh, mercy! Push back those silk curtains! Nobody will be able to see me through them. There, that's better.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

(*Entering.*) For your coachman and footmen I must have some lizards. Where are they?

CINDERELLA.

We don't make a practice of keeping lizards in the sitting-room. You'll probably find some down by the stone wall. (*The FAIRY goes out and CINDERELLA, looking out of the window, rubs her eyes in amazement.*) Why, they're real live men. Come here, one of you, until I see you. (*Disgustedly.*) God-Mother, you've made these men blonds. Don't you know that I simply despise blond men? (*Stamps her foot.*) Turn them into lizards again and give me darker attendants. I must have tall, dark men with flashing black eyes and fierce mustaches, men ready to draw the sword in my defense.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

(*From without.*) Very well, my dear.

CINDERELLA.

Well, that's a good deal better for men, but do make them take off those green clothes. Who ever heard of a brunette coachman in a yellow-green livery? I want red with white trimmings. This is simply maddening!

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

(*Entering.*) My dear, I can't change these lizards' skins. I ought to have chameleons.

CINDERELLA.

A pretty fairy you are! You're no good at all! Do you suppose for one instant that I am going to have my coach and horses spoiled by such inartistic coloring? Well, I guess not!

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

(*Much dejected.*) Very well. (*Exit.*)

CINDERELLA.

(*As the FAIRY reenters.*) You have really done that very well. Permit me to commend you. Now for my gown.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Before going further there is one thing you must promise me.

CINDERELLA.

(*Airily.*) And, pray, what is that?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

That you will leave the ballroom at the first stroke of midnight, no matter where or with whom you may be.

CINDERELLA.

That is perfectly absurd. Are you going to send a nurse with me as well?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

You must promise me this.

CINDERELLA.

Why, my dear fairy, you must come from a very small place in the country indeed. Don't you know that at our parties supper is not served until twelve or later? You certainly do not expect me to lose my supper?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

If you will promise me this, to come home at twelve, I will give you a dress of beauty beyond words of description. It will be woven of moonbeams, giving it a beautiful silvery sheen. It will be embroidered with diamonds, dewdrops and pearls formed of tears from fairies' eyes. The lace will be made of cobwebs taken from the lilies' heart. And for your jewels you shall have the brightest stars in the sky.

CINDERELLA.

(*Impatiently.*) All this sounds very beau-

tiful and poetic, but for heaven's sake, God-Mother, don't say "dress!" People don't wear dresses any more; they wear gowns.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Will you promise? Time is fast flying and we must make haste.

CINDERELLA.

I suppose I must, but it is the most childish proceeding I ever heard of. Now make me a most fetching gown. Never mind the fairy styles. Woven moonbeams may be all right for fairies but they are a bit too gauzy for me. I'll take a Worth or a Pingat; that's a little more my style. Now remember, the very latest creation.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

We shall have to go into the garden where the moon is shining. It is against the fairy law ever to work our spells by anything but moonlight. (*Both go out, as they return CINDERELLA is wearing her ball gown.*)

CINDERELLA.

I hope this fits well. (*Surveying herself in the mirror.*) Yes, it is really magnificent.

What a beautiful figure I have! Is this Worth's or Pingat's?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Worth's very latest.

CINDERELLA.

The color, I hope, is quite correct. I am afraid you are not well up in mortal styles. If the other women present will be jealous I shall feel quite happy and successful. How does it fit in the back?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Beautifully.

CINDERELLA.

I have such a time with my gowns. Where is my wrap? Get it for me.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

My dear, it would be well for you to cultivate a more gentle and kindly spirit.

CINDERELLA.

Now don't begin to lecture. You have been really very decent, so don't spoil it all by preaching. What noise is that I hear?

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

The horses are impatient to be off.

CINDERELLA.

Call my man to carry my fan. (*The FAIRY goes to the window and beckons. An attendant enters and bows low before CINDERELLA.*) Delightful! He is beautifully trained.

FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.

Now, Cinderella, remember this: You are to be known as the Princess Angelina Florentina Seraphina Tosca, your fairy god-mother's name. And, above all, bear this in mind: If you do not leave the ballroom the minute the clock strikes twelve your beautiful gown will turn to rags, your coach to a pumpkin and your men to lizards, leaving you alone and in disgrace.

CINDERELLA.

How disgusting! I think under the circumstances I can promise. (*Waving her hand as she leaves the room.*) Ta-ta, God-Mother!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The ballroom at the palace. The Queen is seated on the throne with the ladies-in-waiting around her. The Prince stands near the throne looking gloomily at the group of courtiers in the hall.*

QUEEN.

What is the matter, my son? You do not seem to take any interest in the festivities ordered expressly for your enjoyment.

PRINCE.

I am very sorry, mother, but really I do not find anything to interest me. Everything is so frightfully commonplace. If you don't mind I'll go out on the terrace and take a smoke.

QUEEN.

Stay a moment, my son; here are some new arrivals.

(*The herald announces: "Lady Allspice! The Honorable Arabella Allspice! The Honorable Clarissa Allspice!" The ladies approach the throne singly, courtesy slowly and mingle with the guests.*)

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*To CLARISSA.*) I do wish our dear Cinderella were here. She would shine amid such gorgeous surroundings.

CLARISSA.

Dear Cinderella! Mamma, how handsome the prince is.

ARABELLA.

(*To LADY ALLSPICE.*) Do you know, mother, I was just thinking what a handsome couple the prince and Cinderella would make.

CLARISSA.

I wish the prince would marry me. I would take him too quick. (*Reflecting.*) Perhaps.

LADY ALLSPICE.

I do not know why you cherish such presumptuous ideas. You are so like your father, my first husband. Nothing was too good for him. (*Sighs.*) Poor man; he never had anything.

QUEEN.

What sweet faces those Allspice girls have. Did you notice them?

PRINCE.

(*Yawning.*) Oh, yes, they look sweet enough, but they lack snap and spirit.

QUEEN.

They say they are so good and have such lovely dispositions and beautiful characters.

PRINCE.

(*Impatiently.*) Very likely, dear mother, but that is very old style, you know. (*Animatedly, as CINDERELLA appears at the entrance.*) Ah, who is this?

(*The herald announces: "Princess Angelina Florentina Seraphina Tosca!" CINDERELLA approaches the throne, her robe held up by two little train bearers. She assumes all the airs possible. As she bows before the QUEEN the PRINCE descends and, taking the tips of her fingers, leads her to the front of the stage, while all look on in wonder.*)

ARABELLA.

(*Excitedly.*) Mother, it is surely Cinderella.

LADY ALLSPICE.

How absurd! She does not begin to be as beautiful as our dear child. This young per-

son has a haughty, independent air, quite unlike our dear one who is at home patiently awaiting our return.

CLARISSA.

Yet they are strangely alike.

LADY ALLSPICE.

I will admit that she does suggest her somewhat, but feebly, dear, feebly, as the candle does the moon.

ARABELLA.

She certainly is beautiful.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Her airs are simply insufferable. I should call her decidedly ill-bred.

PRINCE.

And so, fair lady, you come a stranger from foreign lands to add beauty and splendor to our court festivities.

CINDERELLA.

(*Smiling.*) I did not say that, your highness.

PRINCE.

But such, however, is the case. Until I

saw the sunshine of your smile and looked into your glowing eyes these festivities had little joy for me. Now all is changed.

CINDERELLA.

(*Indifferently.*) Your highness has the art of paying pretty compliments. (*Looking around through her lorgnettes.*) Who are those people yonder?

PRINCE.

The Allspice family, I believe.

CINDERELLA.

How appropriately named; a little of everything, I suppose.

PRINCE.

(*Laughing.*) How clever! (*A waltz is heard.*) Will you dance with me, fair princess.

CINDERELLA.

(*Languidly.*) Really, prince, you must excuse me. Dancing is such violent exercise. I don't feel equal to the exertion. You may lead me to a divan and talk to me. (*Aside.*) I don't propose to let him get away from me the entire evening. I'll make those girls feel what it is to be envious.

PRINCE.

Gracious lady, I fear you are fatigued.
(Leads her to a divan.) Rest here while I order something to revive you.

CINDERELLA.

Yes, I am a trifle weary. This unusual exertion has been too much for me.

PRINCE.

(Tenderly.) Ah, dear one, and it has been all for me. I shall be your devoted slave. For one moment only I shall be absent from you. (Exit.)

CINDERELLA.

(Powdering her face behind her fan.) There, I flatter myself I have managed this young fellow with a good deal of finesse. I hope he will bring me something substantial. When I think of going the whole evening on an ice and losing my supper at last it makes me execrate the entire brood of fairies. (Looking around.) I rather like this palace. I suppose it's unincumbered. And I have almost concluded to marry the prince, but I must not let him know it. I'll keep him on the anxious seat for a while. (As the PRINCE re-

turns.) Ah, Prince, back so soon? I wonder you can tear yourself away from those charming maidens.

PRINCE.

Cruel one; you know there is only one in the world for me. Will you make me happy or miserable? My fate is at your disposition.

CINDERELLA.

(Demurely.) You must admit that this is rather sudden, prince. You have known me ten minutes. Really, I ought to have as much time to think as you have had to know me.

PRINCE.

Perhaps I have been hasty in my wooing; My heart has run away with my discretion. *(Kisses her hand.)* Pardon me; you shall have a year—two—perhaps three.

CINDERELLA.

(Alarmed.) Mercy, Prince, I am reasonably coy and maidenly but I am not so timid and shrinking as that. Be not too cast down. Accept my assurance that when I marry anybody it shall be you.

PRINCE.

(*Joyfully.*) I accept the promise. Now what shall I do to make you forget this mauvais quart d'heure?

CINDERELLA.

So you speak French. How delightful! I am just learning. Voyez vous le chat, madame? Oui; je vois le chat et le souriceau. I suppose now I must keep it up as it is the court language. (*Aside.*) I'll put a stop to their foreign gibberish when I am established here.

PRINCE.

What charming simplicity!

PAGE.

(*Approaching.*) Is your highness ready for the ballet?

PRINCE.

Yes. (*To CINDERELLA.*) I know, dear lady, this diversion will please you.

CINDERELLA.

I hope so. (*Aside.*) But I doubt it.

(*At this stage of the play the children's dances and other specialties are introduced. At the conclusion the minuet is played.*)

PRINCE,

Dear princess, I am obliged by court etiquette to lead this minuet. Do not refuse my request, I beg, to dance it with me.

CINDERELLA.

(*Aside.*) If I don't somebody else will.
(*Giving her hand to the PRINCE.*) Very well, prince, I suppose I must.

(*They lead off. The minuet is danced for several minutes and then the tolling of the midnight bell is heard. CINDERELLA stops irresolute and stamps her foot in vexation. Her slipper comes off. She kicks it from her in anger and runs from the hall. The PRINCE and the court look on in amazement. Tableau.*)

CURTAIN.



ACT III.

SCENE.—*The reception room in LADY ALL-SPICE'S house. CINDERELLA on a couch with pillows piled up around her, lazily picking a banjo. ARABELLA busily spinning at the wheel. CLARISSA before an embroidery frame hard at*

work. LADY ALLSPICE arranging cups at the tea table. Enter LADY SPARKLE.

LADY SPARKLE.

Ah, good afternoon, girls. So glad to find you at home. I couldn't wait another minute. I'm just dying to talk about the ball.

ARABELLA and CLARISSA.

(Jumping up.) Oh, I am so glad to see you, Lady Sparkle. (All begin talking.)

CINDERELLA.

(Petulantly.) Do stop making so much noise! It does jar so on my nerves.

LADY SPARKLE.

Ah, Cinderella dear, if you had only been there. It was—

(LADY DAZZLE enters, out of breath.)

LADY DAZZLE.

How do you do, girls? Dear Lady Allspice! *(Shakes hands.)* Do tell me, who was she?

LADY SPARKLE.

Who? Who was? What was?

LADY DAZZLE.

Why, the strange princess, of course.

ALL.

Wasn't she lovely! Where did she come from? Did you ever see her before?

CINDERELLA.

(*With hands to her ears.*) Do keep still! I never saw such excitable creatures in my life. You never seem to consider my extreme nervous sensibilities.

LADY ALLSPICE.

My darling, forgive me. I am so sorry. I really did not think.

CINDERELLA.

Well, I wish you would do more thinking and less talking in the future.

(*The ladies retire to a corner and whisper with great earnestness.*)

CINDERELLA.

(*Partially rising.*) Of all the unparalleled rudeness I ever saw in my life this is the worst. Don't you people know that it is exceedingly ill-bred to whisper? But what can one expect? (*All turn and look at her.*)

ARABELLA.

We were afraid of disturbing you, Cinderella dear. I am very sorry.

CINDERELLA.

You have already disturbed me, so you might as well go on in a natural tone of voice. I've got a nervous headache now, but, pray, don't stop on my account.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Run, Clarissa, for the smelling salts. (*Goes over and rubs CINDERELLA's head.*) Poor, dear, suffering darling. I will make you a cup of tea. (*Goes to table and prepares tea for all.*)

CINDERELLA.

Did you say there was a strange princess at the ball?

LADY SPARKLE.

Yes, Cinderella, and she was lovely.

LADY DAZZLE.

My dear Lady Sparkle, do you think so? I thought she was rather common looking. None of the gentlemen of our set fancied her.

CINDERELLA.

(*Sarcastically.*) Really, that must have

been a great blow coming from the gentlemen of your set. Did the princess survive it?

ARABELLA.

There was something about her I did not fancy. She assumed more airs—

CINDERELLA.

(*Interrupting.*) Dear child, did she ignore you? Poor Arabella; it is a great pity you should always experience the same neglect. (CLARISSA enters with the salts.)

LADY SPARKLE.

(*Aside to LADY DAZZLE.*) Pray heaven the salts will improve her temper as well as her head. I do not understand how these dear, gentle people put up with her tyranny.

CINDERELLA.

(*Pettishly.*) What are you two women whispering about?

LADY DAZZLE.

We are merely discussing the ball. (*To ARABELLA.*) Did you see Mignonette Fleur de Lis? She was with Arethusa von Daffodil. I never saw such frights in my life.

LADY SPARKLE.

Where on earth do you suppose they got those gowns?

(COUNTESSES DAFFODIL and FLEUR DE LIS appear at the door.)

LADY DAZZLE.

Oh, here are the dear girls now. We were just talking of you and saying how beautiful you looked at the ball last night.

COUNTESS VON DAFFODIL.

So kind, I'm sure. Yes, thank you, I'll take tea. Do tell me who that princess was. Mignonette and I have been all over town today to find out about her, but we cannot.

FLEUR DE LIS.

The court herald has been on the street all the afternoon proclaiming that the prince has declared his intention of marrying whomever the slipper will fit—the slipper, you know, that was found at the palace last night. And, furthermore, that all who were at the ball shall hold themselves in readiness, as the prince is going about from house to house that the slipper may be tried on in his presence.

ALL.

How very extraordinary!

LADY DAZZLE.

I think it a most ridiculous performance. It seemed to me that this so-called princess was a very ordinary looking person.

COUNTESS VON DAFFODIL.

Do you know, my dear, just between us, I never saw such conduct in a ballroom before. It was perfectly disgraceful.

CINDERELLA.

I hear that the prince never left her side the whole evening.

ARABELLA.

Of course he didn't. She wouldn't let him.

CINDERELLA.

(*Sharply.*) What do you know about it, child? Keep quiet and attend to your spinning.

LADY SPARKLE.

Arabella is right. I watched them, and if the prince even looked at any other woman

she would put up her fan and make eyes at him—the artful thing.

LADY ALLSPICE.

There was something about her face I did not like. Her gown was beautiful, to be sure, but the expression of her face was selfish and cruel.

CINDERELLA.

Since when, dear mother, have you taken to studying faces? Is it because you have looked so long at your own daughters that you have grown familiar with their expression only?

FLEUR DE LIS.

You seem quite interested in this unknown princess.

CINDERELLA.

I am. I know she must have been really beautiful and distinguished looking to excite so much jealousy.

LADY ALLSPICE.

There, there, dear child, don't excite yourself. Your head will ache the worse.

CINDERELLA.

(*Impatiently.*) Oh, don't bother me. I

only wish the prince would try the shoe on me. I'd give the people a taste of court life they would not forget. I'd make it a treasonable offense, punishable with death, to say anything against the royal family. (*Exit.*)

COUNTESS VON DAFFODIL.

Fortunately you do not belong to the royal family.

LADY DAZZLE.

And let us hope she never will if those are her amiable sentiments.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*Looking out of the window.*) I believe the prince must be coming this way, for I see a crowd of people and the royal guards down the street.

(*All rush to the window.*)

ARABELLA.

I do wish the shoe would fit me.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Arabella, I am surprised. You know you are not fitted for a prince's bride. You and Clarissa are two dear, good girls, but your place is here by the fireside with me, and you

should not have such lofty aspirations. The domestic virtues are a more fitting crown for you to wear than any prince can give. Now with our dear Cinderella it is different. She has all the qualities which royalty should possess.

LADY SPARKLE.

(*Aside to LADY DAZZLE.*) Poor deluded woman! (*Aloud.*) Tell me, dear, is my bonnet on straight? I am so nervous.

(*A knock is heard at the door.*)

LADY ALLSPICE.

There they are! Now, girls, compose yourselves.

(*The ladies sit down greatly excited. LORD DIZZY enters and the ladies rise.*)

LORD DIZZY.

Good afternoon, ladies; I bear the prince's compliments. He trusts you are well after last evening's dissipation.

LADY ALLSPICE.

Thank you, Lord Dizzy, we are all very well.

LORD DIZZY.

You have doubtless heard the prince's

proclamation. Really a most extraordinary affair. And such complications!

ALL.

Complications?

LORD DIZZY.

(*Surprised.*) Why yes; haven't you heard? Bless me! Haven't you seen the evening papers? No? Well, I must tell you about it. (*Sits down and is eagerly surrounded by the ladies.*)

LORD DIZZY.

Of course you know how shockingly that strange woman acted at the ball?

ALL.

Well, I should say so.

LORD DIZZY.

For a time the prince appeared to be perfectly infatuated with her, but as the evening wore away her affectation began to weary him. And to cap all came her undignified flight from the palace. You know that the gates of the city are carefully guarded day and night. The prince commanded me to make an investigation, and—what do you think?

ALL.

What?

LADY DAZZLE.

Oh, how lovely and exciting!

LORD DIZZY.

I have found that no strange carriage and no strange woman have entered the city; that it is impossible for anybody to enter unchallenged, and hence—

ALL.

Well! Well!

LORD DIZZY.

(*Coolly.*) The woman is merely an impostor; that's all.

ALL.

How very dreadful!

LADY SPARKLE.

I knew it all the time.

ARABELLA.

But the prince? Why did he issue the proclamation about the slipper?

LORD DIZZY.

Can't you understand that his highness rec-

ognizes the fact that she was an impostor and that—

LORD ASPHALT.

(Appears at the door.) His royal highness, Lummitum, Prince of Hoky Poky!

(The PRINCE enters. All make low obeisance.)

PRINCE.

Ladies, I salute you all. Perhaps you know the object of my visit. I trust it will be attained.

ALL.

We hope so, your majesty.

(LORD FLIM FLAM enters bearing CINDERELLA'S large slipper on a silver tray. The ladies look at it, turn away and smile.)

LORD DAZZLE.

(Aside.) I could go abroad in that shoe.

LADY SPARKLE.

It's a regular houseboat.

FLEUR DE LIS.

(Aside.) I hope it won't fit me. I should be dreadfully embarrassed before Lord Flim Flam.

(LORD CINNAMON enters. He bows to the

ladies and leads ARABELLA to a chair. She puts her foot in the shoe without removing her own slipper. One after another the ladies try, without success, CLARISSA last of all.)

LORD FLIM FLAM.

(To LORD DIZZY.) Her dainty little foot will be lost in that shoe, and to my great joy, for I hope to have the pleasure of providing slippers for her myself.

LORD DIZZY.

Indeed? Then you are to be my brother-in-law, as I have contracted to buy slippers for her sister's foot.

(As CLARISSA leaves the chair CINDERELLA sweeps into the room. She is elaborately dressed and looks around with an air of triumph. The PRINCE and the courtiers start when they see her.)

LORD DIZZY.

(Aside to the PRINCE.) It is she, your highness.

PRINCE.

(Aside to LORD DIZZY.) We have run her down at last.

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*With pride.*) Your highness, my step-daughter, Cinderella Mabella St. Albans.

PRINCE.

(*Coolly.*) Why, what a remarkable resemblance.

CINDERELLA.

(*Aside.*) The idiot! (*Aloud.*) The prince and I have met before. Excuse me, Prince Lummitum, but that is my slipper. (*Steps to the chair and puts it on.*)

PRINCE.

Great heaven, it fits!

ALL.

What! (*They rush to the chair.*)

LADY SPARKLE.

Cinderella the strange princess?

CINDERELLA.

Is there anything very extraordinary about that? Ladies, allow me to present to you my future husband, Prince Lummitum of Hoky Poky.

(*General confusion.*)

PRINCE.

(*Deliberately.*) Hold on a bit. Not quite so fast, if you please.

CINDERELLA.

(*Angrily.*) Did you not say in your proclamation that you would marry whomever the slipper fitted? Of course you did. Lord Dizzy here has the proclamation to prove it. And even if you are a prince the law will hold you to the obligation.

PRINCE.

(*Quietly.*) As I said before, not so fast. I admit that I did say that I would marry the lady whom the shoe fitted, but I am quite certain that I did not say what shoe. Lord Flim Flam, kindly produce the real article.

(*LORD FLIM FLAM steps forward and takes a tiny slipper out of his pocket. CLARISSA utters an exclamation of surprise as she sees it.*)

CINDERELLA.

(*In a rage.*) It's a cowardly, contemptible trick!

PRINCE.

Is there anybody present who knows anything about this slipper?

CLARISSA.

(*Stepping forward timidly, with downcast eyes.*) Your highness, that is my slipper.

ALL.

What! Clarissa!

CLARISSA.

I lost it, your highness, as I was getting into the carriage last night, and before I could recover it somebody had picked it up and disappeared in the darkness.

LORD FLIM FLAM.

(*With mock humility.*) That was I, your highness.

PRINCE.

Well, I am ready to keep my word. Will you accept me, Lady Clarissa?

CLARISSA.

(*Hesitating.*) Oh, your highness, you do me too much honor. But— (*Looks appealingly at LORD FLIM FLAM.*)

PRINCE.

(*Laughing and looking from LORD FLIM FLAM to CLARISSA.*) Aha, I see what the obstacle is. Well, the proclamation says that I will

marry the lady, but it does not say that the lady will marry me. So the best way out of the difficulty seems to be that I shall stick to the letter, if not the spirit, and marry the lady to our good friend, Lord Flim Flam.

(*LORD FLIM FLAM steps joyfully over to CLARISSA and takes her hand.*)

LORD DIZZY.

And what about us, your highness?

PRINCE.

True enough, Lord Dizzy, I had almost forgotten you. Perhaps the Lady Arabella will atone for my neglect. (*LORD DIZZY crosses over to ARABELLA, who gives him her hand.*) And I think, Lady Allspice, I can put your sons-in-law in such positions as will give you no reason to regret that neither of your charming daughters married a prince.

LADY DAZZLE.

(*Spitefully to LADY SPARKLE.*) The luck of these Allspice girls!

LADY ALLSPICE.

(*To CINDERELLA, who has retired angrily to the far end of the room.*) Never mind, my

dear, you shall now be my sole care and delight.

CINDERELLA.

It serves me right. I was a fool not to wait last night when I had a sure thing. This comes of fooling with fairy god-mothers. A girl of my recognized good sense ought to have known better than to run away when she had the game won.

PRINCE.

(To the audience.)

Our play is over, and it is my task
A courtesy respectfully to ask.
That you will grant it I am certain, since
It is a privilege to please a prince.
I am requested at this stage to pause
And ask you if we merit your applause.
What I have done with reference to that
shoe
I only did what any prince would do.
That I was justified by self-defense
I leave it to your own high moral sense.
We have not quite borne out the fairy tale,
A story flat, unprofitable, stale.

But think a moment! How absurd 'twould be
For such a girl as that to marry *me*!
Why, all poetical justice would be lost,
And merit humbled at a fearful cost.
But now I think it only fair to tell
The truth about the Lady Cinderel—

CINDERELLA.

Pardon, your highness, but you must confess
That I should my own grievances express.
In truth, I've played a very sorry part,
But with fidelity and finished art.
Throughout the play, as everybody thinks,
I was a pert and disagreeable minx.
For three long acts I faithfully portrayed
The character of a designing maid.
Now know me as a sweet and lovely girl,
Perfection's pink, of modesty the pearl,
Beloved at home and sought for from afar—

LADY ALLSPICE.

You are, my daughter, yes indeed you are.
Our friends will do you justice, have no fears;

(*To ARABELLA and CLARISSA.*)

And you will vindicate her, won't you, dears?

ARABELLA.

You know, mamma, I said a while ago
Our Cinderella never had a show;
The wicked author made her what she is.
Do you remember what I told you, Diz?

LORD DIZZY.

Yes, though you did not like to pick a flaw,
She was the very worst you ever saw.

ARABELLA.

Why, Dizzy dear, how you misrepresent!

LORD DIZZY.

Perhaps it was her acting that you meant.

CLARISSA.

I am sure, Lord Flim Flam, you can justly
say
You've not heard me talk in that spiteful way.

LORD FLIM FLAM.

I would not undertake by any means
To say what we have said behind the scenes.

LADY DAZZLE.

Well, I will say and say it without fear,
That Cinderella is a perfect dear.

And, furthermore, I will as freely say
I'm sorry I abused her in the play.

LADY SPARKLE.

And I have heard it frequently avowed
She is the jewel of the Allspice crowd.
The author made me say such dreadful things
I had to ask her pardon in the wings.

COUNTESS VON DAFFODIL.

And so did I, and so did Mignonette;
I'm positive my cheeks are blushing yet.

COUNTESS FLEUR DE LIS.

A conscientious actress ne'er repines,
But bravely goes ahead and says her lines.
I would apologize—but what's the use?
We're going to make up now for our abuse.

LORD CINNAMON.

Well said; this reparation, let me tell,
Is surely without female parallel.
Though I have known you girls were in the
wrong,
I'd no idea you would come out so strong.

LORD ASPHALT.

Dear Cinderella, may I not express
My admiration for your loveliness?

(*Holding out his hand.*)

Confer on me the honor of a dance.

PRINCE.

Hold on there, Asphalt, give your prince a chance!

(*To CINDERELLA.*)

Dear lady, all our insults in the play
Here in the epilogue I will unsay;
And for the rudenesses which I have shown
I ask you publicly to share my throne.

ALL.

What!

LORD ASPHALT.

Good, your highness! I withdraw my
claim.

PRINCE.

What say you, lady?

CINDERELLA.

(*Smiling and holding out her hand.*)

Merely this: Je t'aime.

I say it in the language of the court,
Though French, as I have said, is not my forte.

(*The QUEEN and the FAIRY GOD-MOTHER enter arm and arm.*)

QUEEN.

(*To the PRINCE.*)

How now, my son, and think you this is fair
To have a lark your mother cannot share?
Is this the way I've brought you up in life?

PRINCE.

(*Leading CINDERELLA to the QUEEN.*)
Mother, allow me to present my wife.

QUEEN.

(*Kissing CINDERELLA.*)

Dear child, I could not ask a wiser choice;
I cannot tell you how much I rejoice.
You were not very pleasant at the ball;
But, bless me, that was not your fault at all.

CINDERELLA.

Your majesty, you really are too kind.

(*To the FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.*)

And now, dear god-mother, if you don't mind,

(*Kisses her.*)

You are the dearest (*kissing*), sweetest (*kiss-ing*)—

PRINCE.

Come, I pray,
Don't give all of that sort of thing away!
Just save a little for me, wifey.

CINDERELLA.

(Smilingly shaking her head.)

Here!

Don't "wifey" me until we're married, dear.

(CINDERELLA advances to the PRINCE, who takes her hand and leads her to the footlights.)

PRINCE.

Good friends, we should be very happy since
You've had the play—

CINDERELLA.

And I have got the prince.

LORD DIZZY.

(Advancing with ARABELLA.)

I've Arabella.

LORD FLIM FLAM.

(Advancing with CLARISSA.)

And Clarissa I.

LADY ALLSPICE.

What! All my daughters gone? I think
I'll cry. (Weeps.)

PRINCE.

Now we are satisfied, and as for you,
We take it you are rather glad we're through.

(To the company.)

And you, you must say something, too, you know.

ALL.

Long life to Cinderella!

PRINCE.

(To the curtain puller.)

Let her go!

CURTAIN.

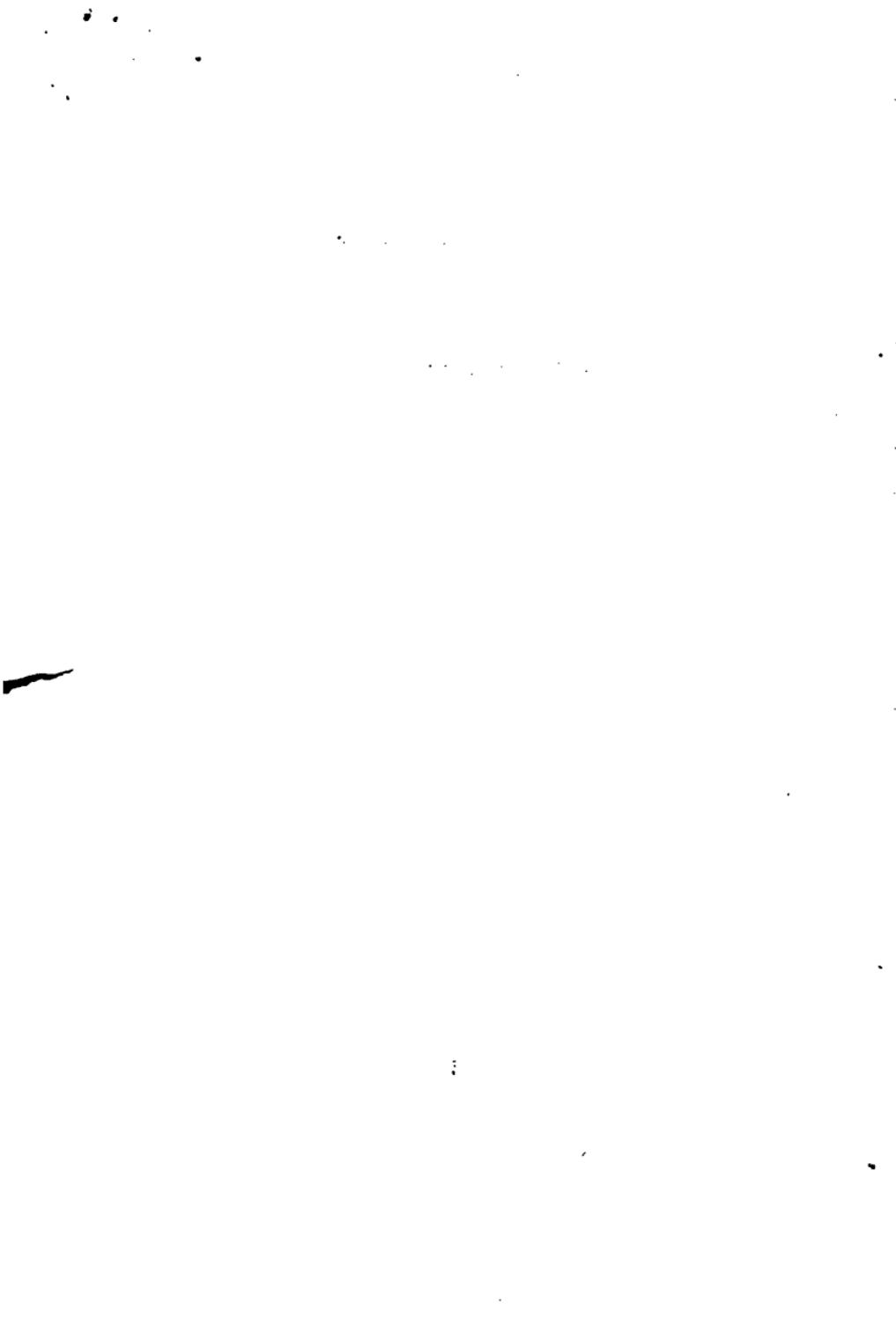
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THE WOOING OF PENELOPE.

AN INCIDENT OF DEPRAVITY IN FIVE ACTS.

(A SHADOW PANTOMIME).



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MR. SMITH, a Solid Man of Business.

MRS. SMITH, a Woman in a Thousand.

PENELOPE, a Sweet Girl.

PLATO, a "College Man."

BOBBIE, an Abandoned Small Boy.

OLD NICK, Bobbie's Friend and Patron.

SCENE—ANY COLLEGE TOWN.

PROLOGUE.

List to the tale I'm about to tell,
Of a lovely maid and a howling swell,
And the cruel adventures which them befell;
I trust you will say I have told it well.

The maid was a beauty of great renown
In the upper-ten set of an upper-ten town;
Her face was a dream, and so was her gown.
You may see for yourself and note them down.

(The lovely maid appears in the shadow and exhibits her many charms.)

The name of the maid I'll reveal forthwith;
'Tis a name suggestive of strength and pith;
I'm sure you will say it is not a myth:
Penelope Jane Angelica Smith.

(The lovely maid vanishes.)

The howling swell was a college man,
Built on a rare and expensive plan;
The girls, as he passed, to the windows ran,
And sighed as only the dear girls can.

Now he looked this way when the trouble began.

(The eyes of the spectators are allowed to feast on the howling swell.)

The name of this swell, I forgot to state,
Was Plato Augustus, surnamed the Great;
As the custom ran to abbreviate,
He was known in college as simply Plate;
For such is the queer caprice of fate.

(The howling swell disappears and the father is shown in his manly strength.)

This is the father whom next I show,
The head of the firm of Smith & Co.,
And you will find wherever you go
That his check is good for a million or so;
A pretty soft snap for Penelope's beau—
That is, if he happens to suit, you know.

(The father retires and the mother makes her courtesy to the admiring public.)

This is the mother, a woman rare;
Of the burdens of life she assumed her share;
Of the house of Smith she had special care;
But had always a moment or two to spare

In a neighborly way, if wanted there.
And while I admit it is hardly fair
To lay these family secrets bare,
I am forced to say that old Smith *père*
Was often a little the worse for wear,
After a tiff, in the way of hair.
And as for Penelope's beaux I swear
I have frequently heard the boys declare
Not one of them would ever dare
To enter the room and sit in a chair
Under her spectacles' awful glare,
Which ill concealed her stony stare,
And added much to her austere air,
While poor Penelope wondered where
They could go to escape from old Smith
mère.

(The mother majestically fades away and BOBBIE comes upon the scene.)

This is the brother, a little boy
Whose presence at times was wont to cloy;
For he always felt the keenest joy
In juvenile purposes to annoy.
And when Penelope was most coy,
His fiendish arts he would employ,
And her and her beau's chagrin enjoy.

(BOBBIE *is withdrawn.*)

This is our prologue then; in this
You see the personæ dramatis.
If anything you may take amiss,
Please have the politeness not to hiss.
I now shall show the dire abyss,
Into which poor Plato was plunged from bliss,
From venturing near a precipice—
The awful end of an ill-timed kiss,

THE WOOING OF PENELOPE

ACT I.

THE KISS.

SCENE.—*The Smith family seated in the drawing-room. PA SMITH is reading the evening paper. MOTHER SMITH is remonstrating with BOBBIE, who is performing in the manner peculiar to his youth. PENELOPE is reading a book. PLATO is ushered in.*

In the family circle Penelope sat;
Her heart went rapidly pittity-pat;
And a very good cause there was for that;
For Plato had entered the room, whereat
The old man thoughtfully reached for his hat,
And on persuasion the small boy gat
Upstairs with his ma for a family spat
And such diversion as comes with a slat.

(The family retire as indicated, leaving PENELOPE alone with PLATO.)

Young Plato was tickled to death to find
Penelope's folks so uncommonly kind;

And he said to himself, "It's a regular grind
On the rest of the fellows, but why should I
mind?"

Since for some time past I have opined
That to me Penelope's half inclined,
While the family seem to be resigned,
As all may see if they are not blind."
And he smoothed himself before and behind
With the air of a man who has dined and
wined.

(PLATO greets PENELOPE and expresses his
satisfaction.)

These thoughts went through Penelope's
head,
And all to herself she communed and said:
"If ever I am inclined to wed,
Or into a summer engagement led,
'Twill be when Plato allays my dread,
And gives me comfort and hope instead,
With his college wisdom and air high-bred."
Then a maidenly blush o'er her features
spread,
And a lustrous smile 'round the room she
shed,
Which, in college parlance, "got Plato dead."

(PENELOPE modestly acknowledges PLATO's greeting with an entrancing smile.)

When Plato had taken a proffered seat,
And fully composed his hands and feet,
He remarked that Penelope looked quite
sweet,
Which, by way of a start, was certainly neat.

(PLATO compliments PENELOPE.)

Thereat Penelope fain did blush;
For a minute or two fell an awkward hush,
Which assured the youth at the very first
flush
He had made what in college is called a
"crush."

(PENELOPE blushingly acknowledges the compliment.)

Then close to the maiden he drew his chair;
So close, in fact, that I must declare
There was little if any room to spare.
And this, I am told by the girls, is where
They came to regard him so débonnaire.

(PLATO edges up to PENELOPE.)

They talked for a while as young folk should;
And Plato, as only Plato could,
Explained what in college is understood
By the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

(PLATO *discourses on the T., B. & G.*)

He talked so wisely, this college man,
That she, as only a sweet girl can,
Peeped shyly at him behind her fan,
And wondered was ever on such a plan
Another man made since the world began.

(PENELOPE *coyly admires PLATO.*)

Then, quite unconscious, you understand,
He caught in his own the fair girl's hand;
For he had plenty at his command
Of what in college is known as "sand."

(PLATO *ensnares the hand of PENELOPE.*)

Of course she blushed, and at first essayed
To withdraw her hand, like a modest maid;
Not that she was in the least afraid,
Or wished for a moment to upbraid;
But because she wanted the rules obeyed—
Never in college to skip a grade.

(*PENELOPE modestly endeavors to disengage her hand.*)

But Plato was too intent to see
A fact so apparent to you and me;
With eloquent gesture and fancy free
He warmed to his ardent task, while she,
With looks as loving as looks can be,
By way of encouragement, said: "Tee-hee."
Not much of a speech you will agree,
But a sign of assent from a bargainer.

(*PLATO makes many manifestations of affection while PENELOPE modestly giggles.*)

And so it happened with proper haste
Young Plato's arm stole 'round her waist,
A stroke in tennis they call well placed,
And on rational expectation based.

(*PLATO embraces PENELOPE.*)

Penelope smiled, and a sweet surprise
Stole into her blue confiding eyes;
(Just like Maud Muller, as you surmise)
And she said to herself: "If this youth applies
His mind to his books and what in them lies

In this vigorous way no wonder he's wise."
Then she heaved a few contented sighs,
And leaned on his bosom and asked no whys.

(PENELOPE *rests her head on PLATO's shoulder.*)

Thus Plato sailed on a sea of bliss;
And he said to his heart: "What's the matter with this?"
Which is college for saying there's naught amiss.
But, alas, they stood near a deep abyss,
For he went too far and purloined a kiss.

(PLATO *visits PENELOPE with a resounding smack.*)



ACT II.

THE EXPLOSION.

Now it chanced that the boy, who, I have said,
Had been sent to the chamber overhead
And carefully tucked in his nice, warm bed,
Was into a scheme of villainy led
By depraved Old Nick, whom we all should dread.

(BOBBIE *is revealed in his nice warm bed.*)

And plotting revenge on his sister's beau,
As the reason why he had been treated so
Before the time when he ought to go,
He made up his mind that he'd plainly show
The danger of making a boy your foe.

(BOBBIE *plans a fearful revenge for his banishment.*)

So out of his nice, warm bed he crept,
And over the floor he softly stepped;
One eye on his mother's room he kept
For he knew—this rascally young adept—
That if she surmised that he had not slept,
His plans she would certainly intercept.

(BOBBIE *departs on his mission of vengeance.*)

And then he recalled with ghoulish glee,
And side remarks of malignity,
That among his treasures there ought to be
A suitable joke on his enemy,
Prepared by the heathenish Chinee
For just such times of emergency.

(BOBBIE *provides himself with a firecracker.*)

Still stepping softly he stole downstairs;
And he laughed when he saw the close-drawn
chairs,
And the critical state of love's affairs.
He thought of his ma and the shoe she wears;
But he said, like a boy of spunk: "Who
cares!"

(BOBBIE *approaches the enemy.*)

Now Plato was busy, as you have learned;
The fires of love in his bosom burned;
And still for another kiss he yearned
From the lovely mouth to his own upturned.
And this is why he had not discerned
That the boy from the bedroom had ad-
journed.

(PLATO, *intent on other business, is unconscious of the advance of the enemy.*)

Penelope, too, was quite intent
To know exactly what Plato meant;
Although the evening was well-nigh spent,
And she knew it was time that the young man
went.
To the matter in hand her mind was bent,
And such assiduous heed she lent,

And gave such gratified assent
To each osculatory incident,
That she did not deem it pertinent
To provide against a dire event.

(PENELOPE is likewise distracted by more pressing affairs.)

So into the room the demon came—
Bobbie, in fact, was his other name—
And gleefully surveyed his game,
And prepared to annihilate the same.
I say it with proper sense of shame.

(The enemy stealthily advances.)

Plato, you see, had reached that state
Which grows in warmth as the hour grows late;
And all unconscious of their fate,
And the fierce revenge which the boy would
sate,
The lovers sat. Said he: "It's great!"
"I'm glad you like it," said she to Plate.
But she said to herself: "At the present rate
I shall not have a very long time to wait,
For in college slang he has 'struck his gait,'
Though I'm bound to explain that all slang I
hate."

(The lovers commune more closely.)

Crawling slowly to Plato's chair,
Bobbie grinned at the luckless pair.
You have not a second, young man, to spare.
Fly for your life! Go anywhere!
Vain my entreaty and vain my prayer;
Who thinks of danger in love's affair?

(The enemy comes up within range.)

Under the chair he placed a pail,
And in it his weapon—pray heaven he fail!
Though such result would have spoiled my
tale,
And also a very good rhyme for "ail."
'Tis Nick against Cupid—now which will
fail?

(The enemy gets his batteries in position.)

I pray you all who have heard this lay,
Fearfully turn your heads away;
For I've come to the point where I must say
That those for whom firing destroys a play,
And who wish to leave the audience, may.
For each small boy must have his day,
Or rather his night—so go or stay.

(The enemy intimates his plan of operations and suspends hostilities until non-combatants can retire.)

The bird in the lovers' hearts still sang,
But was soon to feel the serpent's fang;
For a loud report through the chamber
rang,
And the weapon went off with a dreadful
bang.
High in the air young Plato sprang!

(The enemy, having placed the firecracker in the pail, applies the match and the explosion follows.)

While we have seen young Plato soar,
And the wicked Bobbie sneak through the
door,
Penelope lay upon the floor,
Pale, and presumably drenched in gore.
Of what further trials are in store,
Worse than those which have gone before,
In a subsequent act I shall tell you more.

(PENELOPE faints, PLATO is panic-stricken, and BOBBIE runs away unperceived.)

ACT III.

THE SCRIMMAGE.

The old Dutch clock was striking ten,
And Pa from the club was returning, when
The trouble occurred which inspired my pen.
Ah, there was a scene of tumult then,
A scene to appall the stoutest men—
I fear to recall that scene again.
Into the room Pa came in haste,
And down the stairs Ma madly chased,
And Bobbie from his bedroom raced,
And all the frightened Plato faced.

(PLATO is confronted by PENELOPE's alarmed and indignant family.)

All still and pale Penelope lay,
While the youth was much too scared to say
How she happened to be in this dreadful way.
But the smell of powder seemed to betray
The deplorable fact, as plain as day,
That a tragedy was un accomplit fait.

(The horror-stricken family discovers PENELOPE apparently cold in death.)

“My child, my murdered child!” Ma cried,
And threw herself down by Penelope’s side,
While Pa, who was corpulent, vainly tried
To catch the youth, who, with arms stretched
wide,

Called on his fair and promised bride,
If she had not really and truly died,
To rise and the facts in the case confide.

(*General perturbation over PENELOPE’s condition.*)

But Plato had reason for dire complaint;
For Penelope was in a very bad faint;
And in no situation to acquaint
Her folks with the horrors I’ve tried to paint.

(*PENELOPE remains oblivious of the tumult.*)

So Plato, perceiving his chance was small
To get out at once, if he got out at all,
Made a sudden, undignified break for the hall.
And indeed he had a very close call,
For Bobbie contrived, as you see, to crawl
And grab his legs as they do in ball
When they try to precipitate a fall;
And the old man stood like the Chinese wall.

Then they all mixed up in a fearful brawl,
Or what might be better termed a sprawl.

(PA and BOBBIE intercept PLATO.)

Short is the tale I have now to tell,
For Plato played football and played it well;
Indeed, as a tackle he did excel;
And so, opportunely, it befell
That he just gave vent to his college yell,
And into the scrimmage he went pellmell.

(PLATO mixes up with PA and BOBBIE.)

Now you shall see that this act is done,
The battle is over, the game is won.
Pa is with us, and so is his son;
But Plato—well, Plato's still making the run.
As they say in college, he "took the bun."

(PLATO downs PA and BOBBIE and escapes.)

Penelope's eyes have opened wide,
But instead of Plato by her side
The ample form of her ma she spied.
And then, as she heard her parents chide
The man of her heart, this promised bride
Did what she ought to do—she cried.

(PENELOPE comes to and weeps copiously.)

ACT IV.

REPARATION.

The years have passed, and you now shall see,
If you care to follow this tale with me,
That Plato has taken his first degree,
And in place of the Great he writes A. B.,
With a very good prospect of LL. D.

(PLATO appears as an honor man.)

Penelope, too, has grown in grace;
Trim is her figure and fair her face;
And on her features is left no trace
Of the awful scene which you saw take place.
And with her beauty her mind kept pace,
A notable feat in a very rare case.

(PENELOPE is revealed in the charm of woman-hood.)

Now it seems that the story of Bobbie's
crime
Had all leaked out in the course of time;
And Bobbie had gone to an unknown clime—
But that will be told in a later rhyme.

And Pa to Plato regrets had sent,
And Ma to her daughter's beau unbent;
While much of the young man's time was
spent
At the Smiths'—which was cheaper than pay-
ing rent,
And the neighbors said that all this meant
There would be a wedding soon after Lent.

(PA and MA express a preference for PLATO.)

And right they were, for the people say
The sun danced merrily Easter day,
And Plato came to the Smiths' to stay;
While Penelope swore to love and obey,
As all girls do when they go that way.

*(PLATO and PENELOPE are married, while PA,
making too merry, is rebuked by MA.)*

And ever thereafter naught amiss
Came to disturb their dream of bliss.
And thus you may happily see that this
Was a very good end of a very small kiss.

*(PLATO and PENELOPE renew their pledges of
affection without fear of interruption.)*

ACT V.

RETRIBUTION.

“But what of Bobbie?” I hear you cry.
“Did he come to a wicked end, and why?”
Listen to me, for I shall try
To tell you how Bobbie was forced to hie
At the dead of night to the By-and-by.
The moral you may yourselves apply.

When Bobbie had gone to his bed that night
He chuckled with glee at Plato’s plight,
At his father’s wrath and his sister’s fright,
And his mother’s grief was his chief delight,
While to add to his sins already at height
He forgot his prayers, which you know’s not
right.

(BOBBIE *in his nice, warm bed chuckles over the misery he has caused.*)

At twelve, when the house was dark and still,
Bobbie awoke with a singular thrill.
And he said to himself: “After all it will
Not surprise me if I am in for a chill.”

(BOBBIE *experiences the symptoms of a chill.*)

Then out from the clothes he popped his head,
And there he saw right close by the bed
An awful creature all dressed in red,
With horns and a tail, who presently said:
"Come, Bobbie, come," in a tone well bred.

(BOBBIE *spies OLD NICK at his bedside.*)

Under the clothes he vanished quick,
For he knew at once 'twas his friend, Old Nick,
With whom he had always been quite thick;
But this was another kind of trick.

(BOBBIE *hides under the bedclothes.*)

But busy Old Nick had no time to waste;
He yanked the clothes from the bed in haste;
And 'round the room poor Bobbie raced,
While Nick, with a grin, his victim chased.

(OLD NICK *pursues BOBBIE around the room.*)

Then Bobbie fell on his knees, they say,
And begged for a minute or two to pray;
But Old Nick laughed and said: "Nay, nay,
I don't do business in any such way.
It's too late, Bobbie, you've had your day."

(BOBBIE *vainly implores OLD NICK for a little time.*)

So off poor Bobbie was hauled in fright,
Out in the dark and lonesome night;
But where they went I am not quite
Prepared to say, though I think it right
To assume that the place was a mighty long
sight
Worse than the one where they first took
flight.

(*OLD NICK drags BOBBIE out into the darkness while a thunderstorm is raging.*)

And I happen to know that Old Nick took
care
That when Ma called Bobbie no Bobbie was
there.
She looked in the bed and she looked on the
stair,
And she searched through the closet and
peeped everywhere,
And when she at last gave up in despair
She found this letter pinned back of a chair:

(*MA hunts vainly for BOBBIE and finds a mysterious letter on a chair.*)

“My dear Mrs. Smith, I grieve to convey
The tidings that Bobbie has gone away.

'Tis possible he may come back some day,
But the chances are he has gone to stay.

Yours, OLD NICK.

P. S.—Please say
To the children 'Be careful what tricks you
play.' "

(MA reads OLD NICK's letter and is much affected thereat.)

A LESSON FROM FAIRY LAND.

**A TRIBUTE TO EARLY CONVICTIONS, IN
THREE ACTS AND AN INTERMEZZO.**



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mortals.

JEANNETTE.

MILDRED.

GRACE.

Shades.

OPHELIA.

DESDEMONA.

PORTIA.

ROSALIND.

JULIET.

CINDERELLA.

ORLANDO.

ROMEO.

HAMLET.

OTHELLO.

Fairies.

FAIRY QUEEN.

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

DEW DROP.

GOLDEN ROD.

NARCISSUS.

PUCK.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

ZEPHYR.

SNAP DRAGON.

PRINCE CHARMING.

Elves, Gnomes, Sprites, etc.



ACT I.

SCENE.—*A young girl's room, daintily furnished and exhibiting a confusion of Christmas gift materials. Dolls, dressed and undressed, books, bundles and packages are scattered about.*
JEANNETTE and **MILDRED** are dressing dolls;
GRACE is looking over a book.

JEANNETTE.

If there is anything I loath it is the trouble and annoyance of dressing dolls.

MILDRED.

Mamma makes me do it because she says it is good practice; gives me a lesson in usefulness and prepares me for serious occupations. I hope she doesn't think I'm going to dress dolls all my life.

JEANNETTE.

I have so many Christmas presents to make that I don't see how I am ever going to get through. (*Impatiently.*) Oh, dear, I am so tired of working over these senseless things.

It is so childish for girls of our age to be tinkering with baby amusements.

MILDRED.

You can't imagine how disgusted I was last Christmas. I gave Cousin Lucy a beautiful copy of Mrs. Browning, and some weeks later I heard Aunt Sarah tell mamma that Lucy liked the doll Brother Jack sent from New York better than anything else she received.

JEANNETTE.

How perfectly ridiculous! How old is Lucy?

MILDRED.

She is old enough to know better than to play with dolls. (*Emphatically.*) Why, she is *ten* years old!

JEANNETTE.

Horrors! Yet I can remember the time when I played with dolls; can't you?

MILDRED.

No; I don't believe I ever cared for them. When I realized that they were stuffed with sawdust and were incapable of expressing an idea or an emotion the hollowness of the farce

was too much for me. Mamma could not persuade me into deceiving myself with them.

JEANNETTE.

Look at Grace. There she is poring over a book. What are you reading, Grace, that is so interesting? You haven't said a word for an hour.

(*GRACE apparently does not hear.*)

MILDRED.

What are you reading, Grace?

GRACE.

(*Looking up.*) Don't bother me, girls. I'm reading the dearest little fairy story that ever was written. It's lovely.

MILDRED.

(*Contemptuously.*) Well, of all the absurd things I ever heard in my life! The idea of getting interested in fairy tales!

JEANNETTE.

Let's give Grace a book of fairy stories for a Christmas present, Mildred. She seems to fancy that sort of thing. (*Mockingly.*) Prince Pittipat and the always beautiful princess

and the monotonous fairy godmother and the same old line of wicked sisters.

GRACE.

(Placidly.) You may make as much fun as you please, but I read lots of fairy stories, and like them, too.

MILDRED.

Yet it was only last week that you were raving over Shakespeare.

JEANNETTE.

Dear old Shakespeare, I love him! Last Christmas I got four editions of Shakespeare. I believe I know every play by heart. The language is so delightful, so quaint, so—so—you know.

GRACE.

Well, I like Shakespeare, too, even if the plots are not always original, and even if I do sometimes think that poor old Bacon may have written the plays and is not getting the proper credit.

MILDRED.

Why, Grace, you're horrid. Of course Shakespeare wrote them. How on earth

could a man with such a name as Bacon have written such beautiful things?

JEANNETTE.

Come, girls, let's stop sewing and read Shakespeare.

GRACE.

Why not read fairy stories instead? This is a lovely one and we might finish it.

MILDRED.

(*Groaning.*) What's the matter with you, Grace? You are positively getting childish.

JEANNETTE.

The only fairy story that I remember is Cinderella, and I read it years and years ago. I used to think the prince was delicious. My nurse put me to sleep every night telling fairy tales.

MILDRED.

It seems to me a great mistake to put such absurd ideas into children's heads. I can't see why parents and nurses do not read Shakespeare and Shelley and Tennyson to children instead of filling their minds with Mother Goose and Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen.

JEANNETTE.

I get out of patience with parents. Their ideas of bringing up children are simply appalling. How much more interesting to them would be that dear Ophelia and Hamlet instead of the Sleeping Beauty and Prince Charming. I adore Ophelia. Her fate was so sad and touching. I often wonder if Hamlet really cared for her.

GRACE.

I don't think he did. If he had cared for her he would not have told her to go to a nunnery. When people care for other people they are not so anxious to get rid of them. Anyhow, it wasn't polite.

MILDRED.

Why, of course he cared for her. Didn't he say to her:

“Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.”

What more could he say than that?

GRACE.

Yes, that was very pretty talk; but Ophelia had to take it out in talk. Now my friends, the fairies, went through all kinds of trials and troubles for their lady loves and god-children, and everybody married and lived happily ever after. The only thing Hamlet ever did for Ophelia was to make her crazy and drive her to suicide.

JEANNETTE.

Well, I think Hamlet was a grand character. He was so melancholy and looked so handsome in his black velvet costume.

GRACE.

That's all right. You can have your Hamlets and I'll stick to my fairy princes.

(MILDRED crosses the room and picks up a volume of Shakespeare.)

MILDRED.

What shall we read? (*Opens the book.*) Here's "Romeo and Juliet." What could be more exquisite! I am just dying to play Juliet.

GRACE.

Yes, that's another nice, cheerful play,

where everybody who is worth living gets killed, with one or two bad ones thrown in for good measure. It's the same way with your melancholy Hamlet and your grand Othello. No, thank you. You'll excuse me, but I prefer living with my fairy prince to dying with your heroes. You miss too much fun.

JEANNETTE.

(*Indignantly.*) That's just like you, Grace; always sneering at things. I don't believe you have a bit of poetry or sentiment in you.

GRACE.

I like poetry and I like sentiment, but my taste does not run to murder and suicide. And most of these plays you girls rave over give me a nightmare.

MILDRED.

Come, Jeannette, let's have the balcony scene. I'll be Juliet and you shall be Romeo. As for Grace we'll make the audience of her. There's a step-ladder in the hall. We'll bring it in and use it for a balcony.

(*They go out of the room and return with the step-ladder.*)

MILDRED.

Now hand me the book; for Juliet is ashamed to say she is not up in her lines.

(MILDRED climbs to the top of the ladder and holds the book before her, assuming a pensive air. JEANNETTE stands at the end of the room, and GRACE derisively seats herself to watch the proceedings. JEANNETTE comes forward dramatically.)

JEANNETTE.

“But soft”—

GRACE.

Yes; there's no doubt that it's soft.

MILDRED.

(Irritably.) Don't interrupt, Grace. Begin once more, Romeo.

JEANNETTE.

“But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun,”—

GRACE.

Get up, Juliet, get up. Don't you hear the gentleman telling you to arise?

JEANNETTE.

"Arise, fair sun, and—and"— (*Hesitates.*)

GRACE.

(*Encouragingly.*) That's right. Don't go on until she arises. This looks more like a sunset than a sunrise.

JEANNETTE.

To tell the truth, I've forgotten what comes next.

MILDRED.

(*Prompting.*) "Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon."

GRACE.

Oh, of course. I knew they'd begin killing right away. That's where Shakespeare's strong.

JEANNETTE.

"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand. Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might kiss that cheek."

GRACE.

I wouldn't try it, Romeo; the ladder looks shaky.

MILDRED.

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou,
Romeo?"

GRACE.

Do you hear, Romeo? The lady wants to
know why you are Romeo. Tell her it's a
family matter and that you can't help your
name.

MILDRED.

"Romeo, doff thy name
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself!"

(MILDRED rises in her enthusiasm and, losing
her balance, steps precipitately down the ladder
into JEANNETTE's arms, both falling to the floor.)

GRACE.

(Laughing immoderately.) Splendid! Why,
it's as good as a play. I had no idea, Mil-
dred, you could do it so well. (Doubtfully.)
To be sure that's not exactly the way the
scene ends, and he didn't receive all herself
quite so impetuously, but on the whole I con-
sider it an improvement.

MILDRED.

(Limping ruefully around the room.) It's too

bad; and just as I was getting into the spirit of the thing. (*Picks up her book and, sitting down, runs over the pages.*) Ah, here is "As You Like It." We ought to have tried that. Wouldn't it be jolly to dress up in boy's clothes and play Rosalind?

GRACE.

Well, if "As You Like It" isn't a fairy tale what is it? Nothing could be more absurd than two women and a fool strutting about in a forest. I ought to have said two fools and a man. As if any man could be humbugged by a woman dressed up in a boy's clothes. It's nonsense.

JEANNETTE.

(*Sharply.*) At least there's no more nonsense about Rosalind than you'll find in your fairy princes. (GRACE laughs mockingly.)

MILDRED.

Never mind the fairies, Jeanette. Let Grace enjoy such childish things if she chooses. Listen to this speech of Portia's. (*Turns to the "Merchant of Venice," Act IV, Scene I, and reads:*)

"The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

(GRACE yawns.)

Upon the earth beneath," etc.

(As MILDRED reads soft music is played, and a fairy, invisible to the girls, enters and slowly waves her wand. GRACE falls asleep in her chair as the room gradually darkens. JEANNETTE rubs her eyes and vainly tries to keep awake, at last yielding to the magic wand. MILDRED continues reading, her voice becoming less and less distinct, until she, too, sinks into slumber, her book falling from her hands.)

FAIRY.

For what I am and what my presence here,
Know then that I shall presently make clear.
I am the fairy, Innocent Delight,
A pretty fairy and a good one quite.
Roaming the earth at our great queen's be-
hest,
I overheard these maids—you know the rest.
Scornful their boasts, ridiculous their talk;
Fearful the reckless paths in which they walk.
Though they defy us we shall quickly show
How much of deference to us they owe.

Yet, understand, we do not mean them harm;
Hence there is no occasion for alarm.
By easy stages and to music sweet
We shall to fairy land make our retreat.
If any here desire to go along,
Excursion rates are offered for a song.
Did I say song? That offer I recall.
We'll throw the singing in and take you all.
So come and if you're challenged by a sprite,
The countersign is "Innocent Delight."

(Retreats, slowly beckoning with her wand.)

CURTAIN.

INTERMEZZO.

SCENE.—*The entrance to fairy land.* INNOCENT DELIGHT comes on the stage as the curtain rises.

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

By all these tokens you shall understand
This is the entrance into fairy land.
Since last I spoke we've traveled many miles;
Seen curious countries and uncommon styles;
And now we linger in this bit of green
To wait the pleasure of our gracious queen.

Ah, here comes Puck, whose swift wings never tire.

Now we shall learn her majesty's desire.

(*Enter Puck.*)

Welcome, good Puck, collector of the port;
We have no baggage, may we pass to court?

PUCK.

Her majesty is in a wayward mood;
Three times to-day she pushed away her food;
Though we had set a sumptuous array
Of clover leaves and violette frappée;
The Dresden cups of honeysuckle drops;
A pansy sherbet and fresh tulip chops;
A roseleaf salad, ox-eyed daisy pie;
A thimbleful of cowslip, extra dry;
Her temper seemed to kill her appetite,
A dangerous omen, Innocent Delight.

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

(*Shuddering.*)

Alas, that she should hit upon this day
To show herself off in so poor a way.
Just as I've brought these friends of mine
along
To see our kingdom everything goes wrong.
Here we must wait until our queen has dined.

The fairy stomach guides the fairy mind.
Go on, good Puck, and when she breaks her
fast,
Give us the signal that the danger's past.

(*Exit PUCK. INNOCENT DELIGHT sits upon a bank. DEW DROP and GOLDEN ROD enter.*)

GOLDEN ROD.

(*To DEW DROP.*)

Her majesty is in a dreadful pet;
You see I am not over trembling yet.
Why, when I went to kiss her hand, instead
She broke a dandelion on my head.
Just see this scar!

DEW DROP.

And look at mine, I beg.
I thought that hazel nut would break my leg.

(*They compare bruises. INNOCENT DELIGHT sighs. Enter HYACINTH and NARCISSUS, busily talking and not perceiving the others.*)

HYACINTH.

Was ever queen so exercised before?
I stood her wrath till I could stand no more.

NARCISSUS.

An angry fairy is a dreadful sight;

I'm half inclined to stay away all night.

(*INNOCENT DELIGHT, who has been looking in the direction taken by PUCK, jumps up joyfully.*)

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

Nay, nay, Narcissus, you may change your mind;

Puck signals that her majesty has dined;
And after dinner, you'll agree with me,
There never was a better queen than she.
So now we all may enter without fear,

(*Pointing to the audience.*)

And take along the skeptics I have here.

(*The fairies, coming together, walk to the foot-lights, standing in a line, DEW DROP, GOLDEN ROD, NARCISSUS and HYACINTH staring curiously at the audience.*)

DEW DROP.

Why, what are these, dear Innocent Delight?
I do not think I understand you quite.
Is this a Raymond tour, or one of Cook's?

(*Eyeing the audience critically.*)

I can't exactly say I like their looks.

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

(*Smiling.*)

They cut a curious figure, I confess.

GOLDEN ROD.

Such beards, such faces, such outlandish
dress!

Sure fairy land ne'er saw so weird a sight.

Why have you brought them, Innocent Delight?

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

If you, dear Golden Rod, had heard them jeer
At me, at you, at all our comrades here;
Had heard them say that fairies were a myth;
What would you do?

GOLDEN ROD.

Why, shake the crowd forthwith.

NARCISSUS.

Or, better still, reserve them for a fate
That will our fairy vengeance satiate.

HYACINTH.

Cross them in love; awake their jealous fears;

DEW DROP.

Or, if they're married, set them by the ears.

(*INNOCENT DELIGHT shakes her head.*)

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

Such tricks we'll leave to Puck; a better plan

Occurs to me: we'll win them, if we can,
By showing them through fairy land, that they
May see the workings of the fairy way.

GOLDEN ROD.

The plan may work, but still it suits me not.

DEW DROP.

I own I am suspicious of the lot.

HYACINTH.

Yet much I trust to Innocent Delight;
We may be wrong; she usually is right.

NARCISSUS.

Well, on this one condition I'll agree,
That if you fail you'll leave the rest to me.

(*Aside.*)

And if I get them once in my control,
May heaven have mercy on each mortal soul!

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

(*Joyfully.*)

Come, then, 'tis quite agreed we understand;
Now let us all be off to fairy land.
You, Hyacinth, shall lead the way, and you,
Narcissus, keep the party well in view.
Dew Drop and Golden Rod shall guard the
rear,

While I am rounding up the stragglers here.

(To the audience.)

The time has come when you on every hand

May see the prodigies of fairy land;

May hear soft music, smell the fragrance sweet,
Tread flowery paths,—

HYACINTH.

Be sure to wipe your feet!

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

Observe the elves and fairies as they pass,
And note the placards:—

NARCISSUS.

Please keep off the grass.

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

Look out for Puck, a very treacherous elf;
Narcissus here has spoken for himself.
Walk orderly; be careful not to crowd.

HYACINTH.

And recollect no smoking is allowed.

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

(Waving her wand as the fairies move off.)
Now we are off, for yonder beckons Puck.
Let me congratulate you on your luck.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Fairy land; the fairy court; a garden scene by moonlight. The FAIRY QUEEN is seated on a throne of turf and natural flowers. PUCK, HYACINTH, NARCISSUS, DEW DROP, GOLDEN ROD and other fairies are around her.*)

QUEEN.

(*Petulantly.*) It is very late. A queer idea of loyalty is this that keeps my subjects from coming to pay their homage to their queen on the night of the great festival of the flowers. Puck, do you, I pray, trip along yonder moonbeam and see why my favorite Innocent Delight comes not. By this time I should have heard the rustle of her wings.

PUCK.

Already she approaches, your majesty, and with her three maidens from the world of mortals. She is here.

(*Enter INNOCENT DELIGHT, followed by MILDRED, GRACE and JEANNETTE, timid and bewildered.*)

QUEEN.

How is this, Innocent Delight? Did I not

send you out to carry happiness and merriment to our subjects on the earth during our festival season?

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

Indeed most faithfully have I tried to execute your royal command. I have distributed happiness among all whom I have encountered, and have proclaimed mirth and jollity through the fairy trumpet. Two only have I excepted; these maidens whose conversation I happened to overhear as I passed through the keyhole to rest in a hyacinth that stood on a table. They were laughing at our fairy life, and scoffed at us until my wings curled in indignation. They even went so far, your majesty, as to put the people of Shakespeare above our royal fairies, our princes and princesses.

ALL.

Monstrous!

QUEEN.

Shakespeare? And who is Shakespeare?

(MILDRED and JEANNETTE, who have been standing with downcast eyes, look up in horror.
GRACE smiles.)

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

A writer of plays, your majesty, who lived three centuries ago, a man much esteemed by mortals.

QUEEN.

(*Indifferently*) Oh, yes, I remember him, a vagabond sort of fellow, a strolling player of great impudence, who represented me as falling in love with an ass. But I revenged myself by raising up one Bacon to plague him. (*Laughing.*) Oh, 'twas a rare vengeance! But what said they of this fellow? Did they rank him above our court chroniclers, the Brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen?

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

They did indeed, and declared that Hamlet and Ophelia and Romeo and Juliet and Portia and Rosalind and Desdemona were their ideals; saying a thousand times they adored them, while for us they cared not.

(*Murmurs of indignation among the fairies.*)

QUEEN.

Mayhap they never heard of us save through the slanders of this Shakespeare?

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

Indeed they have, your majesty, for they roared over the Sleeping Beauty and held their sides while they derided Prince Charming. (*Chorus of "Ohs" from the fairies.*) Yet, Grace, here, was faithful to us and fought nobly for our cause. Indeed, but for her, we should have been left without a friend.

QUEEN.

(*Smilingly to Grace.*) Come hither, little mortal. You shall be my charge. Tell me your wish, that I may grant it.

GRACE.

Oh, your majesty, if only I could be a fairy!

QUEEN.

Nothing is simpler. It is as easy for a queen to make a fairy as to make an earl or a baronet. Take her to the grotto, Puck, and give her to drink of the wild rose nectar. When she wakes bring her to me and I will place her among my favorite attendants. (*Puck and Grace go out.*) As for the others, what shall we do with them? The extreme penalty for jeering at the queen is death, yet they seem too young to die.

MILDRED.

(*Earnestly.*) Oh, indeed, indeed, your majesty, I am much too young.

JEANNETTE.

And I am four months younger than Mildred.

INNOCENT DELIGHT.

I think, gracious queen, that if they could see the difference between the nobles of our court and the creatures of Shakespeare they would repent of their folly and would be so ashamed that their punishment would be sufficient.

QUEEN.

Not at all a bad idea. And as this is our great festival it is a fitting time to summon all our fairy subjects. Will-o'-the-Wisp, run and ring every bluebell in the forest! Zephyr, fly to the remote parts of our kingdom and bid them hasten hither, the little ice-sprites from Lapland and the north, the elves, the fays, the imps, the gnomes and the pigwiddins from Europe and the south. (*Exeunt ZEPHYR and WILL-O'-THE-WISP.*) We shall have revels here that will shame these scoff-

ers. Now, Golden Rod, hand me the wand with the double magic power. (*Receives and waves the wand.*) I conjure thee, come forth out of the dark and mysterious past. Come, Romeo, Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona! All ye foolish and vain-glorious people, come!

(*As the Queen speaks Ophelia slowly enters as in the mad scene in "Hamlet." She is followed by Hamlet, who gazes sadly at her. They pass across the stage and seat themselves, seemingly not noticing each other or the fairy court.*)

MILDRED.

(*Whispering to Jeannette.*) Oh, look, Jeannette! There are Hamlet and Ophelia!

(*Cinderella and Prince Charming enter, bow to the Queen, and mingle with the fairies.*)

JEANNETTE.

(*With a sneer, to MILDRED.*) That tiresome Cinderella!

(*Then come Romeo and Juliet, Othello and Desdemona, and Rosalind and Orlando, MILDRED eagerly pronouncing their names as they approach. They circle around the stage slowly and pass out as they have entered, followed by Hamlet and Ophelia.*)

MILDRED.

(*Whispering.*) Oh, Jeannette, did you see Romeo? Isn't he lovely? I hope somebody will introduce us.

JEANNETTE.

And did you notice Hamlet? What a grand carriage he has. He is simply perfect. I shall certainly meet him if I have to introduce myself.

QUEEN.

Now let us to the glen, where the festival sports are to begin.

(*The Queen passes from the stage followed by the fairy court. INNOCENT DELIGHT leads MILDRED and JEANNETTE. Soft music is heard. The stage is deserted a few seconds.*)

SCENE II.

The same. MILDRED runs in, followed by JEANNETTE. They look anxiously around.

MILDRED.

What a relief it is to escape from those senseless fairies. Let us hide here and perhaps Romeo will return. Oh, that sweet Romeo!

JEANNETTE.

We can stand behind this tree. Oh, look, Mildred! Isn't that Orlando coming toward us?

(ORLANDO enters; ~~walks up and pins a paper on the tree. MILDRED leans forward and coughs.~~ ORLANDO pays no attention to her, but crosses the stage as if in meditation. JEANNETTE tears down the paper and reads:)

JEANNETTE.

(Reading.)

"From the East to Western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind."

(Throwing the paper away.) Oh, pshaw!
That's the same old writing in the play!

MILDRED.

(Coughing.) Ahem! (Aside to JEANNETTE.) Why, what a stupid man! Ahem!

(ROSALIND enters as ORLANDO pulls another paper from his pocket and begins to read. She steals up behind him and peeps over his shoulder. He does not see her but turns and walks slowly from the stage, still reading. ROSALIND follows, smiling. Neither notices the girls.)

MILDRED.

Did you ever see such a bear? I never cared for Orlando. His manners always were horrid.

(*PORTIA passes across the stage.*)

JEANNETTE.

That must be Portia. I should like to speak to her, but I haven't the courage. Er-r, Miss, er-r—no, I really don't dare.

(*As PORTIA disappears HAMLET enters, deep in thought, and pauses near the girls.*)

JEANNETTE.

Oh, Mildred, I must speak to Hamlet. (*Approaches him timidly.*) Er-r, Mr-er-r Hamlet, is it not? (*HAMLET does not notice her.*) No? I really can't be mistaken; I've seen you so many times. Er-r, are you—er-r—looking for anybody in particular?

(*HAMLET turns impatiently, waves her away and walks off. JEANNETTE is dumbfounded.*)

MILDRED.

(*Laughing.*) That's his pleasant way of telling you to get to a nunnery. We really can't be mistaken; we've seen it so many times, you know.

JEANNETTE.

(*Angrily.*) He's a perfect brute, and I hate him.

(*OPHELIA enters and crosses the stage in pursuit of HAMLET.*)

JEANNETTE.

(*Sneeringly.*) Look at Ophelia. Well, before I'd go crazy over a man like Hamlet! I can't imagine what she sees to admire in him. But if I thought I looked like her I'd drown myself, too—the brazen thing! To be tagging after a man like that!

(*ROMEO and JULIET enter, ROMEO's arm around JULIET's waist, while they appear to be deep in conversation. The girls cough and vainly try to attract ROMEO's attention. MILDRED drops her handkerchief in front of ROMEO, who carelessly kicks it aside. They pass slowly around the stage and go out as they entered.*)

MILDRED.

I never saw anything so disgusting in my life. You remember, Jeannette, that I always told you that Romeo made me seasick.

JEANNETTE.

Deliver me from people when they are in

love. Why do they always act like idiots? How glad I am that I find my opinion of Romeo and Juliet vindicated.

MILDRED.

Mercy sakes, Jeannette! What is this coming? (*They run behind the tree as OTHELLO enters dragging DESDEMONA, before whom he flutters a handkerchief.*) Why, it's Othello! That must be the handkerchief that you remember he said an Egyptian gave to his mother. (*OTHELLO draws a dagger.*) Oh, he is going to kill her! The bloodthirsty wretch!

JEANNETTE.

The villain! Let's call somebody.

(*They run off the stage as PRINCE CHARMING and NARCISSUS enter in search of them. In the meantime OTHELLO has dragged DESDEMONA into the opposite wings just as MILDRED and JEANNETTE run into the arms of CHARMING and NARCISSUS.*)

MILDRED.

(*Disengaging herself from PRINCE CHARMING'S arms.*) Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but such a dreadful thing has happened. He had

a knife and was going to kill her. Oh, please go and save her for my sake.

PRINCE.

(*Smiling.*) If it were necessary I would go for your sake and hers, too; but don't be alarmed. That sort of thing happens every day in fairy land. They're only spirits, you know, and he couldn't hurt her if he tried. Come; we've been looking for you everywhere and the sports are about to begin.

JEANNETTE.

(*Aside to MILDRED.*) They look like charming fellows, and have quite a college air about them for fairies.

NARCISSUS.

(*Smiling on JEANNETTE.*) Come, dear Miss Jeannette, you have had trouble enough for one night. Look! The queen and the court are returning for the revels. Let us sit here and watch them.

(*The QUEEN enters, attended by the court. GRACE, attired as a fairy, stands near the QUEEN, who resumes her seat on the throne.*)

JEANNETTE.

(*Aside.*) Look at Grace, Mildred. Did you ever see anything more lovely?

MILDRED.

Yes, she is pretty enough, but do you see those stunning fellows with her? (*To the Prince.*) Can you tell me, prince, who are those distinguished looking young men with Grace?

PRINCE.

With Grace? Oh, you mean with our new sister, Thistledown. Do you admire them? It shall be my pleasure to bring you together. They are some of our greatest princes from foreign lands.

MILDRED.

(*Aside to Jeannette.*) Just Grace's luck. Don't I wish I had gone into the fairy line myself!

(*Yvan and Finette, the ice-sprites, enter and bow to the Queen. They are followed by four fairies representing the Aurora Borealis.*)

QUEEN.

Welcome, Yvan, and you, too, Finette, and

all the rest of my little ice-sprites. How came you to court?

YVAN.

We came through the northwest passage when we left the pole, your majesty.

MILDRED.

Do you hear that, Jeannette? They have discovered the northwest passage. I must get them to tell me how they did it. Yet they don't look exactly dressed for traveling.

QUEEN.

Let the revels begin. You, my ice-sprites, shall lead the way.

(Here follows the Aurora Borealis ballet, succeeded by fancy dances and other specialties according to the capabilities of the company. At the end of the dancing the PRINCE and NARCIS-SUS conduct MILDRED and JEANNETTE to the QUEEN.)

PRINCE.

Most gracious queen, we have come to plead for these erring mortals, who wish to join our fairy circle. We pray you to change them to fairy shapes, that they may live happy and contented among us.

QUEEN.

Have they then so quickly wearied of the vulgar impostor, the fellow Shakespeare, who portrayed me in love with an ass?

MILDRED.

We are ashamed of our folly, your majesty. We humbly ask your forgiveness and pray that we may be taken into court to share the pleasure you have given our companion.

(*The princes around GRACE bow their acknowledgments.*)

QUEEN.

I am delighted to hear you talk in this sensible manner. Really, I have great hopes of you and will see what I can do for you. Of course your past misdeeds will not allow you to be accepted immediately as first-class fairies. Puck!

PUCK.

Your majesty.

QUEEN.

What are the requirements for admission to the third grade?

PUCK.

(*Consulting a pocket catalogue.*) Oral exam-

ination in Grimm's Household Tales, three books of Hans Christian Andersen, a fair general knowledge of the Arabian Nights and an average of sixty per cent. in demonology, aerology and fairy psychology.

QUEEN.

You will submit to an examination, young ladies, in these studies, to be conducted by Professor Snap Dragon in the conservatory at the end of the moss rose walk. (PROF. SNAP DRAGON, *a spectacled fairy, with a large book under his arm, steps forward.*) Are you ready for the examination?

JEANNETTE.

(*Falteringly.*) I am afraid not, your majesty,

QUEEN.

Then you must return to your homes and study, and at the next festival of the flowers I shall send for you by Innocent Delight. And while you are preparing for your new life you must go out into the world and perpetuate our fairy lore, and carry the bright messages to those who need us and would know us.

MILDRED.

Most gladly, your majesty, but how are we to do this?

QUEEN.

I will show you. (*She waves her wand. The scene parts at the back of the stage and shows the tableau of a child lying on a bed or cot, while a young girl, sitting near, appears to be reading to her a fairy tale. MILDRED and JEANNETTE look eagerly at the picture.*)

CURTAIN.



ACT III.

SCENE.—*As in the first act. MILDRED, JEANNETTE and GRACE are asleep in their chairs. It is twilight. MILDRED moves restlessly and talks in her sleep.*

MILDRED.

I assure you, prince, I shall be delighted to have you call whenever you are in the city. Tuesday is my day, but if that is not convenient I may make an exception in your favor.

JEANNETTE.

(Talking drowsily, with closed eyes.) Narcissus! What a lovely name! Haven't you any other name? You know if you are going to coach me for Professor Snap Dragon's examination it will be sort of awkward for me to call you Mr. Narcissus.

GRACE.

(Dreaming of fairy land.) Your majesty must think me very awkward, but really I can't seem to get the hang of these wings. I know I shall make an awful mess of it when I attempt to fly.

(MILDRED gives a sudden start and wakes. She rubs her eyes and looks about in astonishment.)

MILDRED.

Jeannette! Grace! Wake up! It is nearly dark and we have been asleep.

(GRACE and JEANNETTE stretch their arms lazily and yawn.)

MILDRED.

(Aside.) What an extraordinary dream I have had. I am dying to tell the girls, but Grace would never let me hear the last of it.

JEANNETTE.

(*Aside.*) Is it possible that I have been dreaming? Why, never before has anything seemed so plain and lifelike.

GRACE.

(*Aside.*) It doesn't seem a bit like a dream, but—pshaw! How absurd I am! (*Aloud.*) Have you girls been anywhere?

MILDRED.

Well, we certainly have been asleep.

GRACE.

Of course; I know that. But have you been out of the room?

JEANNETTE.

(*Confused.*) In our sleep?

GRACE.

(*Aside.*) How strangely they act. I wonder if—nonsense! it is impossible.

MILDRED.

It is growing late and we must hurry home. (*Aside to GRACE.*) By the way, Grace, could you lend me that copy of Grimm's Household Tales I saw on the table yesterday? You

know we are thinking of getting up a fairy pantomime for the little children for the holidays.

GRACE.

Certainly, and, by the way, here is your Shakespeare. (*Hands the book to MILDRED.*) Come in with me and we'll look for the Grimm.

MILDRED.

(*Hastily.*) Never mind the Shakespeare. You may wish to look it over more carefully, so I'll leave it with you. (*Tosses the book contemptuously aside and goes out with GRACE.*)

JEANNETTE.

(*To the audience.*)

'Tis very plain, as any one can see,
Uncommon things have happened to us three.
I'm glad they've gone; I would not have them
know

An hour in fairy land could change me so.
Yes; I am sure as I am standing here
Narcissus smiled on me—he was a dear!
And if there's anything in fairy lore,
I'm going back some day to find out more.

(*Looking at her hand.*)

That there are fairies I am quite convinced.
See where he squeezed my hand; I never
winced.

Oh, if the girls had heard him talk—the
sweet!

'Sh-h, here they come! I must be most dis-
creet.

(Enter GRACE and MILDRED. MILDRED has
put on her wraps.)

JEANNETTE.

What, are you ready, Mildred? Wait a
moment for me. (Aside to GRACE, and with
an affectation of carelessness.) Would you
mind, Grace, letting me have that book of
Andersen's fairy tales for a day or two? You
know my little sister is devoted to such things.
(GRACE smiles and they go out together.)

MILDRED.

Now that they've gone I'm ready to admit
For Shakespeare I don't care a little bit.
Once on a time I did not argue so;
But, bless me, that was quite two hours ago.
And I have altered my opinion since
I've been in fairy land and seen the prince.

(Looking cautiously around.)

I must be careful; they will think it strange
That my opinions had this sudden change.
Poor girls; they never can quite understand
How much delight there is in fairy land.
Why, if the prince had spoken to Jeannette
The way he spoke to me, she'd be there yet.
And if Grace knew all that the queen has
said

About her it would turn the poor child's head.
Hush, here they are! Remember, not a word
About the frank confession you have heard.

(Enter GRACE and JEANNETTE, the latter
with her wraps on.)

JEANNETTE.

Come, Mildred, we must be off. It will be
dark before we can reach home. Good-by,
Grace; much obliged for the book.

MILDRED.

Good-by, Grace. I'll take good care of
the book. Keep the Shakespeare as long as
you wish. Good-by.

GRACE.

Good-by to you both.

(MILDRED and JEANNETTE go out. GRACE

looks at the door a moment, then comes slowly down to the footlights.)

GRACE.

At last I am alone and can confess
The rapture I have yearned so to express.
Before these scoffers it was useless quite
To hint at trips with Innocent Delight.
Vain would have been my efforts to convince
The skeptic, Mildred, she had charmed a
prince.

In vain I might have pleaded with Jeannette
The young Narcissus never to forget.
Such fairy tales her ladyship disdains;
I should have had my trouble for my pains.
Yet there are some of you, I dare protest,
Will quite agree that I have come out best;
Will bear me out in all that I have seen,
From wee pigwidgin to the fairy queen.

(Pointing here and there.)

Are you not one? Do you not hold this view?
I'm very sure I may depend on you.
As for the children, they have all agreed
That fairies are the very things we need;
And would rejoice if they could fill their homes
With fays and sprites and imps and elves and
gnomes.

And right it is that they should reason so;
For I have been a fairy and should know.
To show you that I make no idle boast,
I'll summon to my aid our fairy host.

(Turning partly around.)

Come, Puck! Come, Zephyr! Innocent De-light!

Come, sportive fairy and vivacious sprite!
Come, gracious queen, the sovereign of them all!

Attend your subject's and your sister's call!
Assemble once again your fairy court,
That all to-night may bear a good report.

(The stage lights are darkened, the rustling of wings is heard and the fairies come pouring in from all directions. The QUEEN enters last of all. She advances to the middle of the stage. GRACE kneels and kisses her hand, the fairies grouping in a semicircle. Tableau.

CURTAIN.

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